JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

"By Hercules!

Cycling gives a girl glamour"

LADIES' SAFETY (as illustrated) £4.14.0. The easiest-running Ladies' Cycle in the World.

YOU'LL be right in the swim when you ride a Hercules, the finest cycle on the roads today, and far and away the *easiest running*. Yet because Hercules are the Largest Cycle Manufacturers in the World, a Hercules costs you £1 less. See your local dealer and place your order now! Prices from £4.7.6 cash

(Prices do not apply in Eire).

Easy terms from 2/- weekly

See the local dealer for full particulars.

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM

—the Largest Cycle Manufacturers in the World

800A

Security Corner by A Friend

DRAMA BEHIND THE VERDICT

"*DEATH from misadventure*"—three simple words spoken by a coroner, but what a lot can lie behind them, even apart from the tragedy itself—a small mistake—over-confidence—a slight mishap. This week I want to tell you about such a case.

In a comfortable, orderly little home in Hull the housewife was busily going about her housework, in the course of which she grazed one of her fingers. Nothing to worry about, she thought; but later a swelling appeared under her armpit. She bathed her fingers, used poultices, but to no avail. Her condition grew worse. Eventually she had to be hurried to hospital, where, despite every attention, she died as the result of acute blood poisoning.

"Death from misadventure," said the coroner at the inquest—yet how apparently harmless was the beginning of this tragic fate that befell Mrs. Ada Manning, of 10, Pitts Terrace, Hotham Street, Hull.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUE.

As Mrs. Manning was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly paid.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

In addition to paying numerous other accident benefits, "John Bull" *is still the only paper in the world* to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST, and *is still the only paper to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.*

£640 16s. 11d. PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone, "John Bull" distributed to registered readers or their dependants no less than £640 16s. 11d.

Use the Forms below TO-DAY. I'm not a pessimist or an alarmist, but none of us knows what is round the corner, do we?

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 28/5/38.

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 28/5/38.

The fine polish for Multicoloured Tiles

Multicoloured Tiles look far more attractive when polished with Cardinal (TRANSPARENT) Polish. Gives a lovely gloss and enriches the colours.

Also obtainable in Red, Green, Cream, White and Buff.

Of all Dealers. CP/AQ/3

CARDINAL POLISH 1/6

SOUTH WESTERN GARAGES FROM £5

DELIVERY FREE ENGLAND & WALES, RAIL OR LORRY

GARDEN SHEDS FROM 25/-

Catalogue FREE and Post Free.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO LIMITED DEPT. S RUSSELL RD., FULHAM, S.W.6. FUL. 1121

BANKRUPT STOCK OFFER OF GENUINE 12/11 VARSITY GREY FLANNEL TROUSERS

Here is your opportunity to purchase a pair of next season's genuine "Varsity Semi-Oxford" medium and light grey trousers at the incredible price of only 2/11. Of real 12/11 value, these trousers are finely cut and tailored with strong pocket and linings. Built in belt loops. A perfectly hanging garment. Fully guaranteed. Simply send 2/11 plus 9d. for post and packing stating inside leg and waist measurements. Money back if dissatisfied.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.F.T.1.), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Guaranteed Export Order 100 ONLY Order Now.

SALE OF GENUINE REAL COney FUR CAPES

Made to sell at 2½ Guineas. EACH ONLY 19/11

POST FREE TO CLEAR

Made from luxurious soft pelts, of RICH BROWN SHADE, lined artificial silk. Sizes SW, W, WX at 19/11 each. OS. 22/6 XOS. 25/6 each. Satisfaction guaranteed or money instantly returned. Write or call.

MARINE & OVERSEAS SERVICES, LTD. (Dept. 350), 10, SILVER STREET, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

PRISMATIC BINOCULARS

BY THE WORLD'S FAMOUS MAKERS

ZEISS, DERAISME, RECOMBIER, CHATELAIN, LUMIERE, SECOMPTE etc. etc.

ALL AVAILABLE ON THE EASIEST OF EASY TERMS

HERE IS A 8x26. MODEL REDUCED TO 75/- YOURS 3/-

At all Sporting Events, Horse Races, Yacht Races, Cruises, Seaside and Country visits you will obtain far greater enjoyment and keener enthusiasm if you are carrying these wonderful Binoculars. Do not be content with distant vision. Get a real "close-up" and enjoy every possibility of a "Front Row" seat. Send only 3/- deposit and 6d. for postage for immediate delivery on Free approval of these exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lumiere, Paris, 8x Magnification, extra wide view, independent eye-piece adjustment with wheel focus, bending bar, damp and dust proof. Really wonderful definition, 25 Miles Range. Complete in Brown English Leather Case, with neck lanyard and slings. If fully approved, balance payable 5/- monthly until 70/6 is paid, or Cash within 7 days 75/- only. Don't forget to write for Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism glasses by all the finest makers. Sent post free.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED LIST TO-DAY

DELETE PHRASE THAT DOES NOT APPLY.

Please find enclosed P.O. 3/- first instalment for Prisms, on approval, to be returned if not approved. Please send me post free fully illustrated List of Prism Glasses.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 81), 94-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5.

HURRY! If you want this WONDERFUL ★ BARGAIN—

SENSATIONAL MATTRESS OFFER

2/6 SECURES 4 ft. 6 in. FULL-SIZE SPRING INTERIOR MATTRESS

THIS bargain offer is available for a short time only. A special supply has been reserved for "John Bull" readers until Sat., June 4. First instalment of 2/6 and your promise to pay the balance of 60/- at the rate of 2/6 a month secures this sturdy, strong and reliable full-size mattress. Turn to page 12 and use the special coupon with your order. If you would like a catalogue of other Furniture Bargains fill in the other coupon.

STORE SHED 3/8 MONTHLY

L.	W.	H.	Cash	Mthly.
6	4	6½	£8 0 0	3/8
7	6	6½	£8 10 0	3/8
10	7	6½	£14 5 0	7/10
12	8	7	£20 10 0	10/8

Felt included. Floor extra. Cost CARRIAGE PAID.

SEND for BIG FREE 100-PAGE CATALOGUE!

SUTCLIFFES

GARAGE R.V.

L.	W.	H.	Cash	Mthly.
11	7	7½	£8 17 6	10/10
12	7	7½	£8 19 6	12/8
14	8	8	£9 5 6	14/11
16	8	8½	£9 9 0	17/6

Sent Carriage Paid.

F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, Ltd., 54, Wood Top, HEBDEN BRIDGE. *London Showrooms: 49-52 Oxford St.*

THIS BOX CAMERA IS YOURS—ABSOLUTELY FREE!

WITH FILM & FULL INSTRUCTIONS.

To popularise our famous 100% Sheffield "Multi-Life" 3-hole type double-edged razor blades we are giving absolutely FREE with every order for 12 blades for 1/6 post free, this Box Camera with good lens, accurate view-finder, simple time and instantaneous shutter, leatherette finish. Daylight loading. Also film and instructions. Money back if blades are not equal to any 4d. blade obtainable. Send P.O. 1/6 only (stamps not accepted) for blades and FREE Camera and film. Nothing more to pay. Extra films 3d. per carton.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. F.O.J.B.7), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

THORNS Garden Sheds

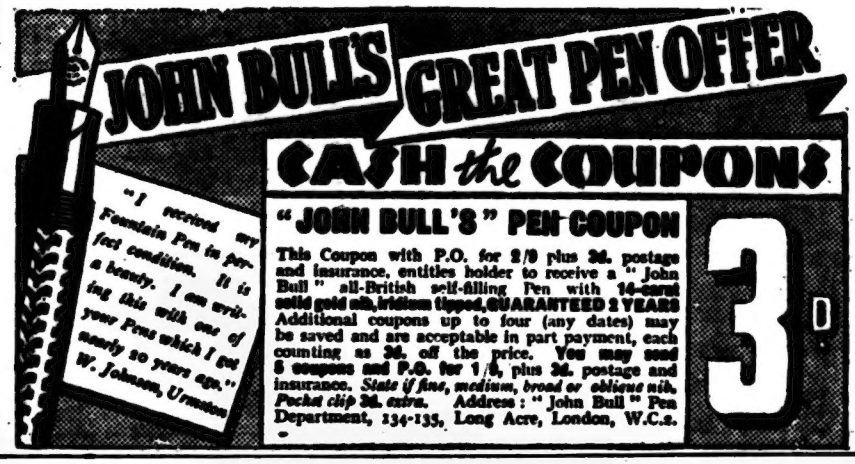
Fully Guaranteed. Cash or Terms. Easily erected. Delivered Free or Carr. Pd. Eng. & Wales.

Free Book No. 52 from J. THORNE & SONS, LTD., Box 52, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

OTHER SIZES FROM

Long	Wide	High	Cash or Dep.	6 Mthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£9/-	3/6
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£5/-	3/6
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£9/-	4/-
8ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	70/-	4/6

DESIGNS 2/-


JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER
CASH the COUPONS
"I received my Fountain Pen in perfect condition. It is a beauty. I am writing this with one of your Pens which I got nearly 50 years ago."
W. Johnson, Urmston

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/6, plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

3/6

GENUINE SURPLUS OFFER

NAVAL COAST GUARD 4 PULL MODEL TELESCOPES

3/11 POST & PKG. 7d.

Slightly used but optically perfect. Every piece examined. Last of stock MUST BE CLEARED regardless of cost. Smashing reduction makes this an offer which should not be missed. These famous Telescopes have a perfect range of vision over several miles. Smooth action adjustment. Four-pull range finder. Heavily brass plated with all-weather body when closed. X36 magnification areas. 3/11, post 7d. Few only 'Army Pocket' Model Telescopes. Marvellously powerful. Long range, 1/6, post 3d. Cash refunded if dissatisfied.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. Y.J.B.1), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

FILMS FREE FOR WHITSUN

We lend your Camera FREE with an ample supply of British-made "Gnttipost" film, to advertise the Gnttipost Service. NO "CATCH." Send this ad. with name, address and 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and free film will be sent by return. THREE SIZES ONLY: 2½ x 2½, 4½ x 2½, 2½ x 2½ or 2½ x 1½ films, and to fit KODAK 620 Cameras.

GRATISPOOL, CO. (Dept. J.B.5), 207, William Street, Glasgow, C.2.

GENUINE SURPLUS STOCK

JUST WEAR THEM LIKE GLASSES

No more aching arms! Very light and comfortable. These spectacle binoculars have independent eye focussing—the same principle as EXPENSIVE PRISMATIC BINOCULARS costing £5.5.0. Powerful magnification makes them ideal for all distances. For marine or sports use, theatres, etc. Limited number only at the reduced price of 3/9, post, etc., 6d. Send P.O. 4/3 now. Solid leather grained case 1/9 extra. Immediate dispatch.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.S.B.3), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

SPECIAL OFFER
CHIMNEY SWEEPING
and Drain Cleaning Machines.

30ft. Finest Quality Canes fitted Best Brass Screws and Sockets, 18 in. Base Chimney Brush. Postage 1/-, Archimedean Drain cleaner included. Cash refunded if not satisfied.

12/6

Other sizes: 40ft. 18/-, 50ft. 22/6, 60ft. 25/-, 80ft. 35/-, 100 ft. 43/-, F.O.R. The above are best quality. LEAFLET of Sweeps' and Drain Tools POST FREE.

S. TYZACK & SON, LTD. (J.B.41), 341, 343 & 345, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

£5 RIDES AWAY
TAXED—INSURED
FITTED SPEEDO 40 EXTRAS

New 1938 150c.c. O.H.V.

RED PANTHER

Balance Weekly.

CASH £35.0.0

Complete dyno lighting, fully equipped and guaranteed. 2,000 other bargains. Highest exchange allr, motor-cycle or cycle. All 1938 makes and models on similar terms. LISTS FREE.

Phone: BRIX. 6251.

PRIDE & CLARKE LTD
Dept. J.B., 158, STOCKWELL ROAD, S.W.9

GENUINE SURPLUS OFFER
ROYAL AIR FORCE BLUE TENTS

Limited number only. Absolutely brand new. Made of extra stout cloth to last for years. Will not shrink, warp, or leak under any conditions. Small over - production makes it possible to offer for the first time a 1-Bdve model, 7ft. 6in. x 6ft. 9in. x 6ft. 11in. with 30in. walls, draught and ventilation curtain, ridge pole, upright poles, pegs, runners, pegs and valise. "Royal Air Force Blue" with detachable air observation Union Jack for only 27/6; cottage, etc., 8/6. Worth £3.3.0. Smaller size 6ft. x 4ft. 6in. wide x 6ft. with 3ft. walls. Only 17/6, carr. 3/6. Family Tents, 6ft. x 6ft. x 6ft., 3ft. walls, 22/6 only, carr. 3/6. Every model complete with all accessories as above. Immediate dispatch.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.T.5.), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

SALE OF GENUINE SWISS MADE
CHROMIUM CASED OFFICERS' WRISTLET (LEVER MOVEMENT) STOP-WATCHES

For Actual Size

Originally sold by us for 15/- each. NOW ONLY

4/9

Post and Box 6d.

ACCURATE READINGS TO ONE-FIFTH SECOND.

Without doubt the finest watch value obtainable to-day.

NEW MODEL. Accurate Timekeepers. Fully guaranteed. Write, call or 'phone Holborn 6276.

Luminous Dials 6d. extra. Officers' Adjustable Solid Leather Straps only 1/- extra. Officers' Adjustable Chrome Chains 2/- extra.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money instantly returned.

MARINE & OVERSEAS SERVICES Ltd. (Dept. 581), 16, Silver Street, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

SOHO MYNA
Look!!!

Landscapes, portraits, groups (size 3½in. by 2½in.) can be taken with the new "MYNA" all-British folding camera. It has a large brilliant view finder, quick loading action and is finished in crinkle black and chromium plate. A very smart and efficient camera.

Wonderful value at **15/-**

Ask your dealer or write direct to:

SOHO LTD., 3, Soho Square, London, W.1

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS

The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity, Clubs, Fetes or any other purpose let the SKILL PUNCHBOARD help you. A 600-hole board costs only 5/3 post free, and makes £2-16-9 profit at 2d. per punch, and £1.5.0 at 1d. per punch. Agents working out special profit-sharing plan are making £5 to £10 weekly. WHY NOT YOU? Our free Service Dept. will tell you how. Write for SAMPLE 300-hole board 3/9 post and illustrated price list. Discount for dozen lots.

BURDON HUNTER
(*Punchboard Specialist*),
463, Camomile Street Chambers, London, E.C.
TRADE SUPPLIED.

THORNS

Garden Sheds

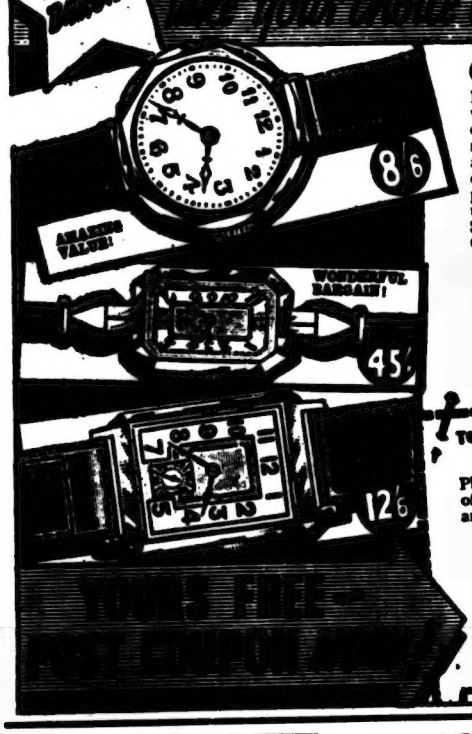
Fully Guaranteed. Cash or Terms. Easily erected. Delivered Free or Carr. Paid England & Wales.

FREE Book No. 83 from J. THORN & SONS, LTD., Box 83, Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

Other designs from:— Long	Wide	High	Cash or Terms	Dvn. & Mthly.
4ft.	4ft.	6ft.	33/-	3/6 9/11
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	45/-	5/6 5/10
7ft.	5ft.	6ft.	58/-	5/6 5/1
8ft.	6ft.	7ft.	73/6	4/6 6/6

Deposit 2/3

STAR BARGAINS
DIRECT FROM H. SAMUEL'S OWN CRAFTSMEN!
Make your choice on 30 days FREE TRIAL



ONLY H. SAMUEL can offer such amazing value! And here's the reason why: H. Samuel is the largest cash jeweller in the Empire with a huge factory and 99 fine jewel shops throughout the country. Every fine watch, every lovely ring, every beautiful piece of jewellery, silverware and cutlery comes to you direct from his own expert craftsmen marked at the very lowest factory cash price, and is obtainable on 30 days' FREE TRIAL under his Satisfaction or Money Back Guarantee! SEND COUPON BELOW FOR GIANT FREE GIFT BOOK TO-DAY!

H. SAMUEL LTD

The Empire's Largest Jeweller.
99 BRANCHES IN GT. BRITAIN.
Headquarters: Market St., Manchester, 1.

To H. SAMUEL, Dept. 188, Market Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me your GIANT FREE GIFT BOOK of Watches, Clocks, Rings, Jewellery, Silverware and Cutlery, illustrated in full colour.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

PRINT AT HOME LIKE A MAN! POUND NOTES
WITH THE NEW ADANA QUARTO PRINTING MACHINE

Sensational New Money-Making Opportunities! YOU—even without at present possessing the slightest previous experience or knowledge—can commence at once in your home to print anything from a Visiting Card to a Full Quarto Poster!

The actual size inside type frame of this New Adana is no less than 9½ x 7½ in. Send at once for Free Book, "£ Pounds From Print," together with particulars, easy terms and samples of work.

D. A. Adana (J.B.), 17 Church St., Twickenham
London Showrooms: Ludgate House Fleet St.

THE FLANNEL KING'S FAMOUS SPRING OFFER SEMI-OXFORD FLANNELS

19, 20, 21, 22, 23 or 24 bottoms. Silver, Med. or Dark Grey. Waist 26-40. Leg 28-32. 42-44 waist 1/- extra. Fully cut and made from Tested Flannel with belt loops and buttons inside, side straps, usual and front cash pocket. P.T.U. State waist, inside leg and width bottom required.

6/- Post 6d. or C.O.D.

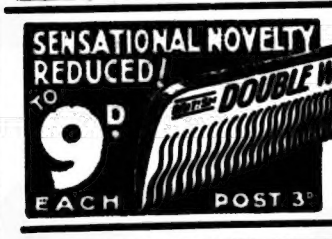
1 pair 12/6, post paid. Semi-Oxford WORSTED 12/6, usually sold at 21/-. Post 6d. WOOLLEN GABARDINE 15/-. For hard wear; worth double. Post 6d.

Special ALL-WOOL SLIP-OVER V neck, sleeveless, in Grey. 34, 36, 38. Worth 3/11. **2/6**

Bargain Catalogue on request.

THE FLANNEL KING (Dept. J.B.2), 130/134, HEATH ROAD, TWICKENHAM.

SENSATIONAL NOVELTY REDUCED! TO 9D EACH



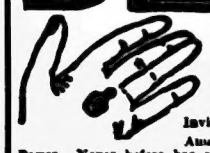
Owing to laying down special plant and reorganising the British Factory, we are now able to offer this outstanding

"DOUBLE-WAVE" COMB
which Waves Hair without Heat or any other Appliance

at 9d. each, post 3d., a price that you cannot afford to miss. No matter whether short or long—simply comb your hair to produce beautiful natural waves. No curling irons, bother or mess. Will save you pounds in hairdresser's bills. The 48 specially shaped teeth give truly amazing results. Your money willingly refunded if not delighted. Send P.O. 1/- at once (stamps not accepted). De Luxe model in real tort. tortoiseshell 2/6 post free.

OXFORD STREET STORES (Desk J.F.O.17), 7, Oxford St., London, W.1
(3rd Floor. Next door Tottenham Court Road Tube).

Positively the Greatest Bargain ever offered to the DEAF



"Size of a Sixpence Earphone" (no battery) offered this week for 25/-. Previously sold at £7-7-0. The greatest little deaf-aid ever designed. No Batteries—No Wires—No Other Parts—No Renewals — Absolutely Invisible. Amazing Power. Never before has such a bargain been offered to the Deaf.

This Week 25/- only
Previously £7-7-0

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now, D. & J. Hill, Ltd., Model Dept., 245, Oxford St., London, W.1 (over Oxford Circus Tube Stn.). (Hours 10 to 6.)
Also at 431, Chester Road, Manchester. (Hours 2 to 5.)
Supplied under National Health Benefit.

1/- NOW

Make Bargain use for "1/- NOW." Post Free. Promise 3/- Monthly for Customs, 5/- Fortnightly for Suits.

COSTUMES. Good Fit-Guaranteed Made-to-Measure Suit. Shirt with Front Pleat: Fawn, Lt. Grey, Navy Blue, Sand. 8.W's & W's 10/6. O.S. 12/6.

SUIT. Good Tweed Coat, Dk. Grey, Fawn or Mid-Brown Mixtures. Well cut. Chest 32 to 42 ins. Good Mid. Grey Flannel Trousers. Smart Fit Cut. Waist 28 to 42 ins. 20/6. PULLOVERS to tone with Coat, 6/- extra. Start with Belt for 1/6. FREE, Big Bargain Catalogue.

Delight or money back.

PAIN'S Presents House, Ltd., Dept. 20.TH, HASTINGS.

HOHNER
THE WORLD'S BEST
THE GUARANTEED INSTRUMENT

The ONLY ACCORDION with an 18 MONTHS' GUARANTEE. Be sure you get the guarantee completed when buying your Hohner. For free coloured brochure of all Hohner guaranteed instruments fill out this advertisement and send it to:

HOHNER CONCERTINAIRES LTD. (J.B. 28.5.), 17b, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

GREAT FROCK BANKRUPT STOCK OFFER

FAST COLOURS WASHABLE

3 for 1/9

An unprecedented offer which can never be repeated. A complete factory stock of DAINTY AND DURABLE CHILDREN'S WEAR BOUGHT OUTRIGHT. These lovely children's frocks are exceptionally smart and seamstress made, of beautiful printed material, in attractive designs of blue and white, red and white, blue and red with embroidered white linen, Peter Pan and Tie Collar. Pleated skirt. Piped puffed sleeves. Fully waisted. Pearl buttons.

Ideal for spring and summer wear. Fast colours. Washable. Sizes 18, 21, 24, to fit children from 2 to 9 years old. The complete stock of these frocks to be disposed of at the fantastic price of 3 for 1/9, post 6d. or 6 for 3/9 post free. No more to pay. Money returned if dissatisfied. Send at once to:—

MAIL PRODUCTIONS
(Dept. J.B.F.O.2)
91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. TEM. 6559.

3D DEVELOPS ANY SIZE ROLL FILM

Leica and similar films 2d. per foot.

Postcard size Prints—2D. Each
5½" x 3½"

No charge for failures. Minimum Order 3 for 6d.

Send P.O. crossed "& Co." and 2d. stamp for return postage.

Write name and address in block capitals.

JEROME LTD

A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

CYCLES FROM 65/- CASH OR TERMS

THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1938 Models at lower prices and terms than agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

say Selo for snaps' sake!

Selo snaps its fingers at the weather! There is a Selo film to suit any and every photographic occasion, sunshine or cloud, day or night. More and more of your snaps are perfect pictures on Selo films! That's why everybody's saying Selo these days— Selo, for snaps' sake.*

For every make and size of camera

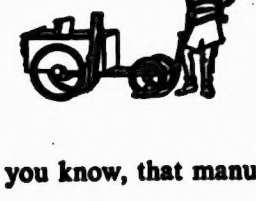
SELO

FILMS

* **SELO ORTHO** — the fast roll film for all-round snapshotting; marvellous latitude to overcome exposure errors.
SELOCHROME — the extra fast roll film for high speed work. Highly orthochromatic and anti-halo backed.
SELO FINE GRAIN — Panchromatic roll film — ideal for miniature cameras and gives perfect colour rendering.
SELO HYPERSENSITIVE Panchromatic roll film, the world's fastest film. Completely colour sensitive.

MADE BY ILFORD LIMITED ILFORD ENGLAND

BUILT DOWN to a PRICE!



THIS is the thing, you know, that manufacturers say they never, never do. They always "build up to an ideal."

Well, here are two wireless sets that must be unique, because they were discussed, planned, designed, and made "down to a price." One of them was to be an All-Wave Mains Table Set for less than £10, and the other a Battery Set at not more than £7. You and I know perfectly well that all sets, except perhaps the most expensive of all, are "built to a price." And very sensible too. The only question we need ask is how a low price is obtained. If I find a showy, elaborate set at a low price, I suspect poor components and poor workmanship. Our way of achieving a low price is to spend all the money available on what we think are the essentials. Our two old friends, Reliability and Reproduction, come first on our list.

I think these two sets are the best sets of their kind that can be made. They are thoroughbreds. I'm not ashamed of building them "to a price." I'm proud of it.

E. J. POWER, *Managing Director*

B/5 BATTERY TABLE MODEL
A very sensitive straight 3-valve receiver in which a special circuit called "Constant Reaction" eliminates most of the need for "fiddling" with the reaction control and makes tuning simpler. Automatic Grid Bias extends the life of the H.T. Battery, and any standard H.T. Battery can be used. The cabinet is in Black Walnut.
PRICE WITHOUT BATTERIES **£7**

46 ALL-WAVE MAINS TABLE MODEL
Supersonic Heterodyne Receiver with excellent quality of reproduction. Over 50 principal short, medium and long wave station names are shown on the 3-colour scale. "Two-speed" drive on the tuning control gives normal and slow-motion tuning. The cabinet is in contrasting French Walnut and Black Walnut with a narrow white surround to the loudspeaker opening.
D.C./A.C. MODEL £9.15 A.C. MODEL **£9.10**

Murphy Models include
BATTERY TABLE MODELS .. from £7 MAINS TABLE MODELS from £9.10
BATTERY CONSOLE MODELS from £14.5 MAINS CONSOLE MODELS from £13.15
MAINS RADIOGRAMS from £20
HIRE PURCHASE TERMS AVAILABLE ON ALL MURPHY SETS

Every MURPHY set has a HIGH EXPECTATION OF LIFE

All Murphy sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for a year. Prices do not apply in Eire.
Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
C. R. Casson 833

JOHN BULL

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.
THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1938.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Sugaring Rates Bill won't Stem Revolt
Breakfast Broadcasts for Spartans
Cabinet's Man with a Mission

TO those in the know it was no surprise that the Premier chose Sir Kingsley Wood as Air Minister.

This smiling, jaunty, little Wesleyan solicitor was for years Mr. Neville Chamberlain's adjutant at the Ministry of Health, where they became fast friends.

He is now the Prime Minister's most trusted adviser, and has more influence over him than anybody else in the Cabinet.

Watch him! It may well be Sir Kingsley, and not one of some other variously tipped Ministers, who will be the next Premier.

Sir Kingsley's Mission

For Sir Kingsley's prestige in the Conservative Party in the country is growing fast.

Charged with the mission of reorganising the Tory forces in London, he is already thinking out strategic moves for the General Election, due next year, if not sooner.

Bunce for Brains

A small committee of Conservative bigwigs, JOHN BULL knows, has just reported on how to democratise their Party's finances, to let poor Conservatives stand for Parliament.

Take their advice, Mr. Chamberlain! A healthy Party should recruit its strength from all classes.

Brass Tacks

In the foreign sphere, at least give Mr. Chamberlain credit for trying.

To solve political quarrels you must unravel the economic problems behind them.

Mr. Chamberlain has made a start—by sending Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, Government economist No. 1, to talk over Italian and German grievances.

Read what A. G. Gardiner says about this on page 13.

Begin at Home

Now remedy an economic grievance nearer home, Mr. Chamberlain. Help Lancashire!

Exports of cotton goods are down again. The Far Eastern war may have strangled markets.

But it does not explain why weavers working less than the full number of looms have to live on 13s. or 14s. a week, without rights to unemployment benefit.

Remove this tragic flaw at once!

Passing the Buck

While working Lancashire weavers get less than the dole, disabled Llanelly miners have to take relief to eke out their compensation.

Forty totally disabled men there are doing that.

Seventy stricken by silicosis receive under the 30s. a week compensation maximum.

If it's like that in Llanelly, it's much the same all over the country. Public funds are standing what should be borne by rich employers and fat insurance companies.

On the Bright Side

Now for a brighter tale from our dark industrial areas.

Summer holidays are assured for 400 Oldham schoolchildren. They'll spend a week in camp, all expenses, save transport and teacher's salaries, being borne by Mr. Frank Lord, local magistrate.

Honour to Mr. Lord and men like him! A pity every child of poor parents is not able to benefit by such generosity.

If a healthy race is a national investment, then it would pay the State to undertake such arrangement.

Easy Terms

Next comes a worth-while move of interest to every householder.

In many districts ratepayers are in revolt. And since it won't be easy to put them through the Courts by the thousand councils are becoming worried.

So more and more are sugaring the pill by allowing ratepayers to meet their crushing bills by instalments, by weekly stamps or home safes.

Face Facts

Will that mollify the rebels? It's a good plan, and JOHN BULL supports it.

But it won't stem the revolt.

Face the facts squarely. In many places rates have gone up a shilling or more during the last few months, are now as heavy as the rent or mortgage payments.

No instalment plan can mitigate that burden, nor stop the depreciation of property which is the inevitable result.

Kick Your Council

Only economaniacs object to spending money on local improvement and work-giving schemes. But the alarming rise in rates is because Whitehall is disguising its expenditure by pushing a lot of it on to local councils.

Kick your councils, nevertheless. In the end they will pass on the kicks.

Quick-change Luck

Luckiest, yet unluckiest, man of the week is Cardiff's Mr. Morris Nightingale.

A seaman, he had just signed on for a voyage, when his wife fell ill. He refused to sail. That was lucky, for the ship was the Anglo-Australian, which has disappeared with all hands.

Inhuman Red-tape

Now for the scandalous side of it. Though he had the strongest of reasons for missing the voyage, his "dole" has been stopped.

What a damnable piece of red-tape it is that orders a man to desert his sick wife or be punished!

What a commentary on our rulers that they don't think such abominations deserving even of excuse!

Measle Millions

Parents, save your children from measles! An epidemic caused 729 deaths in the past four months. Every year measles cost the nation £2,000,000.

There's a new way of fighting this disease: the injection of "adult serum" at 1s. 6d. a time. Ask your local authority about it. Save life! Save money!

Conquer the Cold

An even greater serum is in the news. A cure for 'flu and common colds.

Professor Vladimir Barikin, of Moscow, has cured mice, and cured himself.

Dictators may conquer men, but still be beaten by a snuffly nose.

Conquer the world's colds, Professor, and your name will outlive Stalin's.

Better than Cure

Prevention rather than cure! Wise eating prevents disease; impure food courts and causes it.

Here are some choice cases lately before the Courts:

"Choc-rolls" without a trace of cocoa or chocolate;

Exposure for sale of diseased meat, dubbed by the magistrate "horrible" and "revolting";

Sausages hung on a line with washing, and brushing a coal-cellar door.

Why, with all our laws, regulations and inspectors, do such scandals persist? Tighten the law, by all means. But see that it works.

The Spartan Way

Build up strength by nutrition; develop your strength by exercise. That's the experts' advice.

But exercise first, breakfast after. That's the Spartan way.

Soon it may be a national custom.

Morning "P.T." by the B.B.C. starts next August.

Fitness brought to your bedside—if you switch on the knob, if you choose to get up, if you do what the announcer says!

Britain's Voice

Thank you! Numerous readers have written to applaud our Plan for Twenty-Five Years' Peace.

Unknown and famous alike have offered comments for which we are grateful.

Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode sums up the general feeling in trenchant language: "The defensive services fought for four years and won the war. . . .

"Statesmen, after twenty years of peace-making, have failed completely. . . . We are not going to be pushed into another war if we can help it to bolster up their ridiculous theories."

There speaks the Voice of Britain.

Whitehall's "Slums"

Let's have more light and air in Whitehall. Sweep away the cobwebs in Government offices.

Ministry of Labour staffs want speedier replacement of out-of-date buildings.

A working lifetime under a leaky roof. Twenty-five years behind dirty windows. That's the fate of many Ministry of Labour workers.

Risky Rides

TENS of thousands of Post Office workers are compelled to travel as passengers in Post Office vehicles.

Until recently they haven't worried unduly. Nor have their dependants. They have always believed that, in the event of death or incapacitation resulting from an accident, adequate compensation would follow.

But now they know the blunt truth. It won't.

* * *

FOR they have been told by the Post Office that it will stand behind the doctrine of "common employment"—the law which says that an employee contracts to run the risks of his employment, including those caused by the negligence of a fellow worker.

That would be all right if Post Office drivers were insured, as other drivers using the open roads are compelled to be.

But—and this is another scandal—they're not.

* * *

REPRESENTATIVES of postal employees thought they saw a way out.

They asked the Post Office whether it would stand behind the driver in any legal action concerning a passenger—as it does when action is taken by a third party.

Bluntly, the department answered that it wouldn't.

* * *

AND that's the position.

As Post Office workers see it, to enter an official vehicle as passenger is to imperil one's family. To refuse is to be guilty of insubordination, which imperils the family in another way.

The G.P.O. knows many "heads I win, tails you lose" tricks—but the National Whitley Council must see that it doesn't get away with this one.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

We want to know . . . !
What you are thinking about.
Interesting things you've seen.
Interesting things you've done.
So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you. . . .

A. G. Gardiner ..... *Page* 13
Sir Wyndham Childs .. *Page* 15
True Story ..... *Page* 26
Greatest of These— .. *Page* 26
Human Documents .. *Page* 28

I KNOW the Underground railways are very safe. But accidents can happen anywhere.

Surely, then, there should be a supply of clean water on every train? Where else could it be found, if there was disaster in a tunnel?

In any case, it would be useful in smaller emergencies—such as the fainting of two women because my train happened to stop underground for half an hour near Stockwell.—C. Searle, 56, Nicholas Street, Hoxton, London, N.

Postmark showed us this letter was written just before the Underground disaster that cost six lives last week.

Flooding Beauty

JOHN BULL always raises its voice when beauty spots are desecrated.

Well, the one I photographed—"Tinker's Loup," River Deugh, Galloway—has now been covered with water.

But as it spells cheaper electricity for many thousands, and provided months of work for armies of men who might otherwise have been out of work — who can criticise?—N. C. C., New Cumnock, Ayrshire.

"John Bull" raises its voice when beauty is sacrificed needlessly. For instance, if overhead cables are made to straggle across the Downs when underground cables would do.

Dead End

I have just heard a doctor say: "The reason why people who leave hospital cured relapse again into the same complaint is that they are allowed to go back to live in the very places where they contracted the disease."

If there's any element of truth in that at all, it's damnable.—Michael Murphy, Newry, Co. Down.

It is more damnable than that. People cured of tuberculosis are often sent back into the occupations responsible for giving them the disease. Government is shamefully parsimonious about after-care.

Too Costly Gold

I have been told by a Dolgelly councillor that there's enough gold in the Welsh mountains to pay the National Debt.

Think of the plight of scores of thousands of unemployed in Wales. Surely it would be better to use them in a search for the Rainbow's End rather than keep them in an idleness they don't want.—Leo Newman, Kingstanding Road, Perry Barr, Birmingham 22.

Gold is being mined in several parts of Wales. Receiver of Crown lands, in whom all gold and silver rights is invested, would be glad to issue more licences. But (1) it isn't by any means certain that Wales is a Klondyke, and (2) costs of getting the gold are important. There are plenty of places where a million pounds' worth of gold can be mined at a cost of two millions!

Wiping the Slate

"Give me 'tick' for a pint," asked a customer in a local hostelry I visited.

"Certainly," said the landlord. "But as the law won't allow me to claim any money owed me for drink, I will write on this blackboard that you owe me sixpence."

Disliking such publicity, the man paid. But did the landlord interpret the law correctly?—C. Morris, Purkiss Close, Chandler's Ford, Hants.

Says Licensed Victuallers' Protection Association: "Since 1921 it has been illegal to sell drink to be consumed on premises on credit, so once-famous 'slate' cannot be used to-day." Apparently customer was joking, and landlord called the bluff.

Now Stagger Bills

Staggered holidays—certainly. But why not staggered bills, too?

All at once I have got demands for rent, gas, electricity and rates. And it is I who am staggered.—W. A. Barclay, 82, Colinton Mains Road, Edinburgh.

We would like to see this staggering of quarter-days. As we have pointed out before, the rush of demands round about January 1 spoils spending for about six weeks, drives scores of thousands into unemployment in consequence.

All His Own Work

Photograph is of my own windmill, made with my own hands. It is portable, can be moved to get the best results, and saves me money by grinding my own corn.

Windmills are dying out. Well, here is at least one new one.—G. Court, Windmill Poultry Farm, Sutton Valence, Maidstone.

Sixty old windmills have been saved from destruction by Society for Protection of Ancient Buildings. Some others—like the 300-year-old veteran at Terling, Essex—survive because they still show good profits. But welcome to all newcomers!

. . . But You Pay

I have just been 'phoned by Post Office and told a telegram had been received for me telling me to ring up a Mayfair number.

I made the call requested, only to find that I was unknown there. It transpires that the Post Office was wrong—the telegram wasn't for me at all.

But I've got to pay the 11d. for that Mayfair call. Say the authorities: "There can be no refund on a telephone call actually made."—Mrs. A. A. Smith, Bennetts Farm, North End, Felstead, Essex.

We have received many such letters about a G.P.O. that refuses to pay for its own mistakes.

Untouched

I have just smelt damp, musty rags intended for paper-making.

And it makes me wonder: What process is there, if any, to make sure that our newspapers don't carry disease?—H. Rigby, Mill Lane, Appley Bridge, near Wigan.

Newspapers—and "John Bull"—are produced on paper called newsprint. It is made from wood-pulp, is untouched by hand from when it leaves forest till it leaves the printing press.

Dustbin Duty

It is puzzling to me why, in the Rhondda Valley, where I used to live, the dust-cart called six times a week, while here in London our refuse is collected only once a week—and then is not expected to exceed a binful.—W. Smith, 70, Tewkesbury Terrace, New Southgate, London, N.11.

Puzzling, too, the fact that in centre of London thousands of crammed dustbins are pushed on pavements after midnight, which wouldn't be tolerated in many of the so-called backward towns.

Mother Love

Imagine my surprise, while at a farmhouse recently, to find the household cat presenting me with a wild baby rabbit—which it treated with as much tenderness as if it were a kitten.

Just study the photograph I took. Isn't it remarkable that bunny wasn't eaten as a mouse?—J. E. Jones, 117, Campbell Buildings, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

More surprising is that cats often mother ducklings, chickens, etc. Sometimes pine if thwarted.

Snob's Corner

ELEMENTARY schoolboys — and girls—must pity those "public school" magistrates who are always demanding of prisoners: "By what right do you wear that tie?"

What college snobbery to assume that the better schools have a copyright in blends of colour—that the lower orders ought to steer clear of certain colour schemes—R. D. W., Grange Road, Woodthorpe, Nottingham.

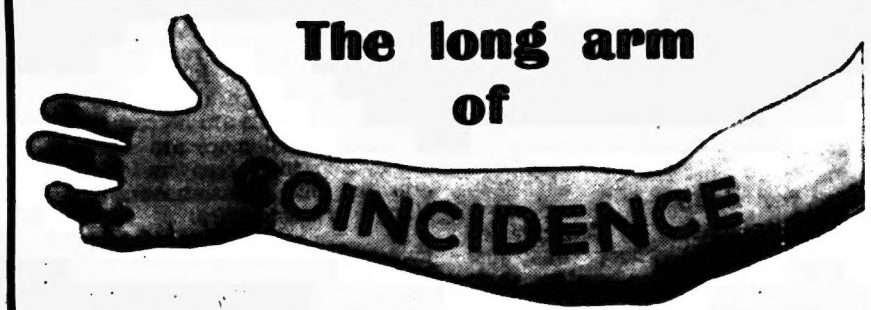
* * *

MY children are coming home from their school and referring to "those slum boys and girls."

They refer, I find, to the children of people who have been rehoused from condemned areas and have come to live locally.

Let parents and teachers alike combine in giving the necessary instruction to kill this class snobbery. —A. R. Elsy, 36, St. Mary's Avenue, Haryon Village, South Shields.

The long arm of COINCIDENCE



ALL in a few days I have noticed on the Great North Road the following car registration numbers:—

ELM on a wood haulier's lorry. ELO on a G.P.O. van. ALE on a brewer's lorry. DUG on a motor-excavator.—G. A. Brewster, 70, Alderson Drive, Doncaster.

DURING the winter just ended my car wouldn't start. I called a garage attendant, and he couldn't make it. Nobody could.

Now a friend has called on me in great agitation. His mother was on a hospital danger list 16 miles away. Could I turn out my car. I explained, gave the handle a pull as proof. And the car started.

Our mission of mercy over—nobody could make my car start.—N. C., Southport Road, Ormskirk, Lancs.

I COLLECT bayonets. Recently a friend in Liverpool sent me three to add to the collection. One had carved on the handle "x T-H."

A neighbour spotted that handle at once. These were his markings. He had carved them. The bayonet had been his—until a day in France when he had been wounded and knocked unconscious.—D. R. Tetlow, 41, St. Aidans Road, Baildon.

WHILE in Bedford I visited the —— auction. The auctioneer was selling a wireless set.

"This is a very good set," he explained. "I'll guarantee it to be in good order. We'll just try it."

And as he turned the knob that set exclaimed: "It is nothing to boast about."—Miss K. A. Hall, 23, Princes Road, Stamford, Lincs.

MY father was estranged from his family when 12, so I decided to motor-cycle to Norwich to have a peep at them —without making known my identity.

Not having their address, I went into the first shop I saw, gave their name, and asked: "I don't suppose you have any idea where they live?"

"Yes, I do," came the startling reply. "They live in the flat over this shop."—N. S., Lincoln.

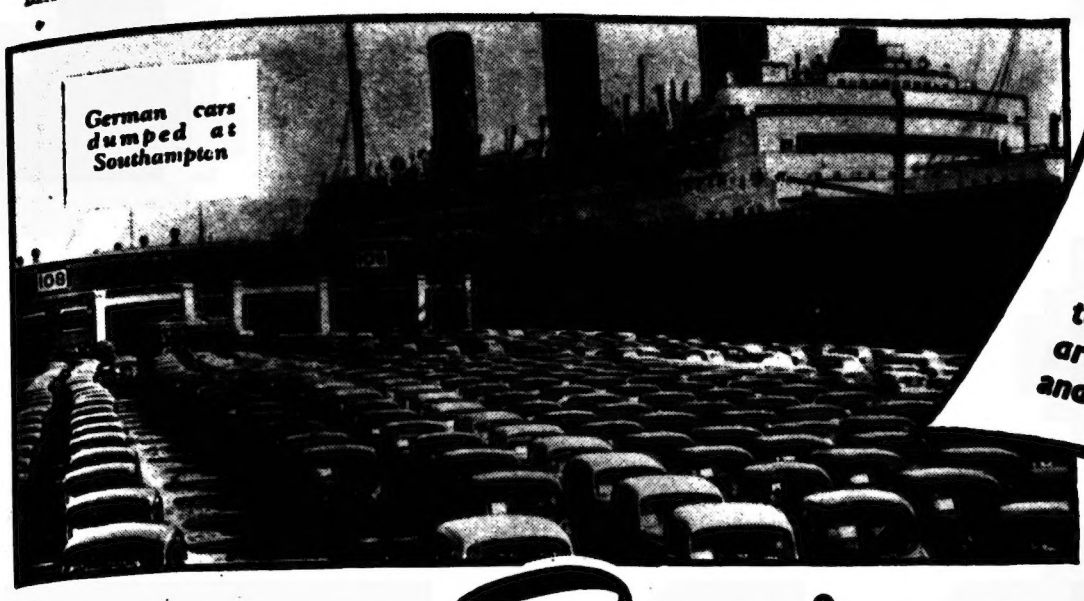
ALL through my life I have loved curried prawns, and 20 years ago I was one of four girls who met every Friday afternoon in a Newcastle-on-Tyne restaurant to have a curried prawns high-tea.

Time separated me from my friends—until the other day. I went into a Victoria (London) café and ordered my prawns, noticed another woman was eating the same dish, and then—taking a second look at her—was reunited within a minute to one of my old friends.—Lilian G. Hempel, 1, Kensington Court Gardens, London, W.8.

INVITED to be on the platform at a school prize-giving, I bought a new hat for the occasion.

"Only three of this kind will be sold in the whole county," explained the saleswoman of a particularly slick model—so I chose that style.

Only to find, on the great day, that all three hats were on the same platform—to the mortification of the three wearers.—Miss H. H., Sheffield.



German cars dumped at Southampton

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Do You Know—

That Britain is facing the fiercest attack on her trade ever known?

That German traders, breaching our tariff walls, helped by sweated labour, are undercutting British firms here and abroad by more than 30 per cent?

We're Paying for—

HITLER'S GUNS

SOUNDINGS are being taken by the Board of Trade and the Foreign Office of the possibility of a new trade agreement between Britain and Germany.

As Germany, by undercutting and dumping, has begun the most skilfully organised trade attack on this country the world has ever seen, it might be supposed that the purpose of the British Government is to end this offensive.

Not at all.

Nothing, apparently, is to be done to stop the grave injury which Germany is causing to British trade, at home and in the Dominions, in her efforts to obtain foreign currency to pay for her rearmament and war-time food reserves.

Germany will not be defeated by raising tariffs against her. The tariffs system of Britain has, at the best, been merely a source of Exchequer revenue, and it is being made still more impotent by financial jugglery and low-wage goods, the importation of which can only be checked by drastic methods.

Without sterling, Germany cannot buy abroad material for arms. She has to make the British people help pay for her rearmament as well as pay for their own.

And the Nazi Government is doing this by heavily subsidising German firms to sell goods in this country at prices with which British manufacturers cannot compete.

ABUNDANT evidence of the conspiracy has been given to the Cabinet by its own commercial experts.

But it is not taking action, because the President of the Board of Trade has found it extremely difficult "to get exact information on German methods of subsidisation."

Of course, the President of the Board of Trade was right if he meant that he could not obtain *official* information on the subject from Germany.

The President of the Board of Trade need not go far, however, to obtain plenty of reliable information.

Nearly every business man who has dealings with Germany, or who has to study German competition, can provide him with evidence of the magnitude and methods of the attack.

All of them know that the position is so serious that stiffening tariffs will not meet the case.

Government spokesmen are even arguing that it is not possible to deal with the German offensive, for the reason that, technically, the Nazi Government is not directly subsidising the flood of cheap exports to Britain.

True, the German Government may not be making straightforward payments to private industries as compensation for losses incurred in undercutting and swamping the British market.

What it has done, JOHN BULL finds, is to create an "exports pool" to which all branches of German industry, commerce and agriculture are compelled to contribute from their home-market profits.

The Nazi Government itself makes a contribution to this trade war fund out of tax receipts.

It is swollen also with part of the money gained by Germany in blocking the export of currency to foreign creditors.

This scientifically organised pool is set to accumulate the vast sum of £85,000,000 yearly. From it German exporters are indemnified for losses they sustain in underselling British industry.

If that is not subsidisation—and subsidisation with a most sinister purpose—the word has no meaning at all.

More than that. The sterling exchange rate is also manipulated in favour of German exporters.

The official rate of exchange is 12.40 marks to the £. But firms engaged in dumping, to obtain currency for the Nazi Government to spend on arms, are credited with seventeen or eighteen marks to the £.

By joint operation of the pool and internal exchange rigging, not only are tariffs circumvented, but the German manufacturers are further enabled to undersell in Britain and the Dominions by fully 30 per cent.

That is why even the most die-hard tariff advocates are convinced that something far more effective than a fresh orgy of import duties is needed.

For this is not in any sense an issue of Free Trade or Protection.

So stern and unbending a Free Trader as the late Lord Snowden warmly approved a scheme prepared by two Labour M.P.s—Mr. Arthur Greenwood and Mr. Tom Johnston—for the rigorous exclusion of goods dumped or produced, as the German exports are, by sweated labour.

Resentment and alarm at the robbery of British industry and the creation of unemployment for the financing of Nazi war preparations have been brought to a head by the mass influx to this country of cheap German motor-cars.

DUMPING of these cars began only a few months ago, but already the effects are being seen in the increase of short time among workers in the British industry.

The audacity is greater because German markets are completely closed to the British motor-car industry.

These foreign cars are sold here, *after paying stiff tariffs*, at substantially less than the retail price in Germany. Actually, at less than the cost of production!

Yet the German Government guarantees a profit to the makers on every car! Not only are the Nazis trampling on and demonstrating the futility of the British tariff system, they are behaving as ruthlessly in the overseas market against this country's normal export business.

Here is an example, which has occurred in the last few weeks, and of which JOHN BULL has obtained full evidence.

A British firm was invited to supply a fleet of special lorries to Egypt, and it undertook to do so at the lowest possible price—£780 per vehicle.

Somehow the Nazi commercial espionage system became aware of the British offer. A German firm immediately cabled to Cairo guaranteeing to provide the lorries at £700.

When this was refused, Germany successively lowered its price until only £380 per vehicle was asked for—at which price she got the contract. It is known that the cost of production, transport and tariffs was not less than £700.

Yet the Nazi firm will not only be reimbursed for the loss of £320 on each vehicle, but will be allowed a profit of about £50 on it.

So subsidisation and sweated labour have robbed a British factory of six weeks' work.

SWEATED labour—very much sweated! The wages of the average car factory worker in Germany are equivalent to only 27s. 6d. per week.

It is for the same reasons that Nazi-controlled manufacturers are able to undercut British goods of almost every kind—machinery, cotton and woollen products, boots and shoes, gloves and toys.

Diabolical is the German attack on one of Britain's least-prosperous industries—the textile trades, whose mills are mostly working only three days a week.

It has become so intense that to destroy British competition the Nazi Government is subsidising exports up to as much as 75 per cent. of this country's prices.

Although she has to pay duty of nearly 45 per cent. on artificial silk fabrics, Germany is offering its goods here to-day at one-third below the British cost.

The Dominions, America, France and other democratic States know the remedy for Germany's tactics.

They are waiting for the British Government to join with them in applying it.

The immediate solution is to fix minimum standards of labour conditions, and to prohibit the importation of goods produced below these standards.

Only action on these lines will outwit the Nazi conspiracy to make Britain or other nations pay for German arms. But eventually some grander, nobler policy for world trade will have to be evolved. For that—turn to A. G. Gardiner's article on page 13.

Things That Make You WILD

Glasgow Exhibition, potatoes, hospitals, safety in mines, holidays and "third-degree"—are six things that people are talking about to-day.

When the man-in-the-street sees an injustice he starts talking—and that means it is time for action.

What are his big talking points to-day?

JOHN BULL'S great postbag is the best gauge of topics that are being discussed in homes, offices and factories all over the country.

Below we present six which are now uppermost in the minds of ordinary people. They may surprise, amaze or anger you.

(1) Anxiety has been roused by allegations against the police made during a wife murder trial at Leeds recently.

The accused man, who was found innocent, declared that when he was arrested police officers bullied and browbeat him.

Of course, there was no corroboration of these charges.

Mr. Justice Wrottesley said the jury would find it difficult to believe that police officers of standing could have behaved in such a way.

"If we have learned nothing else in England in recent years," the judge added, "we have at least learned that nothing is more unreliable than confessions made by people who have been subjected to the third degree."

JOHN BULL readers write stating that they and their friends, who have been talking over this aspect of the trial, would like to know if some method cannot be devised by which an end could be put for all time to these unhappy and too-frequent indictments of the police.

Yes, there is a very simple solution.

When a person is taken into custody for drunkenness the police are able to summon a doctor to examine the prisoner.

With equal ease and speed they could—and should be compelled—to call in an independent shorthand-writer as soon as a man or woman is brought to a police station on a major charge.

Until that is done the prisoner should not be questioned or spoken to about the alleged crime.

If an admission or statement is made after the arrival of a shorthand-writer, the judge and jury would have a complete record of every question and word spoken by the police and the accused person.

There would be no doubt then if a confession had been obtained voluntarily or otherwise.

* * *

(2) Markham has buried its 79 dead. Another dark page of coal-mining history has been turned over.

From every part of Britain come letters appealing that the disaster may not be forgotten until each pit and worker is equipped with the measures of safety which science makes possible.

It will not be known for a long time, if ever, whether or not the Markham tragedy could have been averted. There is no doubt that the owners of that pit had taken every reasonable precaution against mishap.

But at the funeral service of the victims there was a symbol of the greatest need that exists elsewhere to protect miners from their most insidious peril—gas.

Flowers in the church were banked around a lump of coal on which rested a miners' safety-lamp, burnished but no longer aflame.

Unlit, it signalled a plea to the Government to make it compulsory for coalowners to provide their mines and men with automatic gas detectors—electric lamps so sensitive that they would register the peril long before it was realised by the workers.

It is tragic that the supply of detector-lamps should be allowed to depend on the whim of a board of colliery directors.

There is no reason why one should not be part of the kit of every second miner.

The argument that the cost—a few pounds per lamp—would be too heavy is brutal.

* * *

(3) Glasgow is gay with the first results of its great Empire Exhibition.

But neither the managers of the Exhibition nor the City Corporation can be aware of the deplorable labour conditions imposed on workers in privately owned sections of the pageant.

They may be relied upon to make quick investigation of the position when JOHN BULL gives them the evidence.

An electrician has been paid £2 for a six-day week of 14 hours a day.

Women are being employed for 13 hours a day for 17s. 6d. a week, and men for the same period for £1 a week—subject to compulsory deductions for insurance and supply of overalls.

* * *

(4) Unbelievable is the severity with which public hospitals administer regulations regarding the hours at which relatives of the sick are allowed to visit them, even in urgent and exceptional cases.

Look at the testimony of Mrs. Gutteridge, of Crescent Avenue, Stoke, Coventry.

She was notified that a near relative had been admitted to the Hertford County Hospital.

That meant a four and a half hours' journey for her, and she could not present herself at the hospital until 4.15 p.m.

Permission to enter was refused. Not because it was inadvisable the patient should be seen, but simply because it was "outside the hours."

Mrs. Gutteridge remained at the hospital for seven hours—until after 11 p.m.—during which she made repeated appeals to be allowed a few moments at the bedside of her relative.

"No," was the answer every time, even when she showed her railway ticket as evidence of the long journey she had to make.

* * *

(5) Many readers are asking why at one moment the Government is demanding that more food should be grown and the next penalising farmers and others who produce too much.

The present position has no equal in Gilbertian comedy.

Mr. A. E. Browning, who has farms in Hampshire and Dorset, has specialised in potato growing for many years.

In view of the international situation and the Government's requests for a speed-up in agriculture, he spent £7,000 to increase his cultivation by 1,600 tons on what had been a derelict farm.

You might suppose that he has been officially applauded for his enterprise.

Only to the extent that he has just been fined £360 for daring to grow more potatoes than the authorities had given him permission to do!

No wonder that people in the surrounding towns of Southampton, Bournemouth and Portsmouth, who would relish more and cheaper potatoes, are angry and dismayed.

* * *

(6) If one topic is causing general talk more than another at present it is cost of holidays.

Everywhere people are finding that this year they are being asked to pay more for accommodation.

Reason is the demand caused by the increasing numbers of workers granted holidays with pay.

Some local authorities, JOHN BULL finds, are threatening profiteers with removal of their names from the official publicity list.

How much good that will do remains to be seen.

France found these kid-glove methods useless when all its workers were legally given 15 days' annual holiday with pay.

In that country every establishment catering for holidaymakers now has to be licensed, and not only to submit its prices for official approval, but to post them in the rooms.

The threat of this kind of control in Britain should be enough to scare the exploiters.

Here Comes—

Hunting the sky smuggler will be one of the jobs of the "Air Cop".

FROM the night sky comes the faint drone of a mystery aeroplane, flying high and without lights.

Suddenly its noise is drowned by the roar of a second machine. A searchlight flashes out, traps the unknown 'plane in its beam.

Then coloured flares from the pursuer signal it to descend.

Britain's new "Flying Cops" have made an arrest.

Three miles outside of Maidstone, Scotland Yard, co-operating with the Kent County Police, are building a £100,000 aerodrome which will be the headquarters of an air defence scheme to protect this country against the aeroplane smuggler and those who break the new air laws.

Work on the aerodrome began at the end of last summer, and has been carried out in secret, but JOHN BULL forecast the need for it almost a year before that.

We said then that it was the only way to defeat smuggling by air—now a highly organised and sinister "industry"—and pointed out that plans for a police air force had already been simmering for three years, and that provincial forces had used the aeroplane in their work with success.

Armed machines

At last the need has been realised.

The new force will consist of twenty-four two-seater 'planes, built on semi-fighter lines, and fast enough to outpace most commercial craft now on the market.

It will be backed by ground organisation and radio equipment far in advance of any civil aerodrome in the country.

Each machine will be armed, and, in addition, will carry a powerful, wide-beam searchlight, flare-droppers and coloured-light signalling apparatus.

The light signals will be used like the gongs on police cars. Once the police 'plane has intercepted a "suspect" they will "flash" him to descend.

Flares and searchlight can be used both to identify a 'plane and to enable the police machine to land in unlighted fields.

This might often be necessary when an escaping quarry refuses to land at the Flying Cops' headquarters.

From Maidstone, police machines will go up in pairs on two-hour "beats" covering the whole of the south-east corner of England—Kent, Essex and Sussex.

It is this territory which is both outlet and entry for air smugglers from the Continent.

Dope, contraband and aliens who would be barred by police or immigration officials are their cargo.

At present there can be little effective control over cross-Channel private air traffic.

An outgoing machine is merely "asked" to report before leaving England by circling once round the control tower at Lympne.

Incoming traffic reports in the same way.

But the smuggler leaves from private airfields on both sides of the Channel.

Or, if using a recognised airport, makes a false clearance.

He will clear, say, from Heston for some place in northern England.

Actually, he hops across to the Continent on a quick return trip, giving the coastal control towers a wide berth.

After delivering his contraband, he can still get to the place for which he originally cleared within a reasonable time.

The air cops will stop all that.

For while they are patrolling the coast they will receive by radio the registration numbers of all aircraft reporting at the control towers.

When they meet a cross-Channel machine which has *not* reported they will want to know why.

Coast watchers will also be on the look-out for machines. A telephone and wireless network will relay the number, crossing point, and direction of the suspect to the patrol, which will set off to intercept it.

There will be night patrols as well.

And, though it is difficult for one aircraft to pick up another at night, it is hoped that the ground organisation and the searchlight system—which is a secret—will overcome this handicap.

Night Patrol

Illegal night flying over London and other large cities has been on the increase. During the past year dozens of strange machines have been reported over London.

Seldom have they been identified, although the authorities discount suggestions that the machines are foreign. The view is that they are private aircraft "skylarking"—their pilots taking up a friend to see London by night.

In future a telephone call through to Maidstone will have a police machine over London in a few minutes, hunting the sky for the offender.

Maidstone will also be a centre for training police in detecting breaches of the new civil flying laws.

Recently a batch of 200 southern counties police were put through a course at Shoreham Airport on such matters as judging height and dangerous flying.

"Taxi-work"

Another job will be the provision of machines for taking police chiefs to the scene of a crime, and in cross-country work involving conferences and the interviewing of witnesses.

"Taxi-work," of course, but time saved in this way can mean the difference between an arrest or failure.

Sir John Simon recognised this when he was Home Secretary by giving permission to all police chiefs to engage aeroplanes in man-hunts.

But the machines used had to be hired—a big disadvantage when secrecy is needed.

France, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Scandinavia and other European countries all have flying police forces working with great efficiency.

Britain's force is a little belated. But better late than never.

Unknowns Die for Britain

BRITAIN has a casualty list of unknown heroes that will never be published.

It appears in a book of which only two copies exist. One is in the possession of Sir Alexander Cadogan, head of the Foreign Office, the other is in the personal keeping of Sir Warren Fisher, Chief of the Treasury.

And in a single page of that book is enough drama to fill a score of volumes—for it is the "nominal roll" of the British Secret Service.

The casualty list is a series of thin red lines drawn through some of the names.

☆

When a name is crossed out Sir Alexander Cadogan sees it as a "replacement" item; to Sir Warren Fisher, who controls the pay-sheet of the Secret Service, it will be a temporary "write off."

And for the owner of the name—whoever he or she is—that red line in the secret book will be the only memorial.

Britain's "Fourth Arm" get no military funerals, no obituary notices. They expect none. They are just "missing."

The vote for the Secret Service—which is all the House of Commons and the public are permitted to know of its work—is touching the £600,000 mark during this financial year.

It is £100,000 up on last year, and the highest since the war.

You can take it that the red erasures in those two little books have kept pace with the rising tides of expenditure.

No need to look far to find out why.

There is war in Spain and China.

Iron rings guard the main frontiers of Europe. Within those rings the dictators are frenziedly arming.

And covering all this monstrous activity is such a network of counter-espionage and such hordes of "secret" police as the world has never known.

Not much wonder then about that increase in Britain's Secret Service vote. Nor about the casualty lists among those unknown heroes who must be the eyes and ears of our democracies.

There are no more semi-public trials with a term of "imprisonment in a fortress" for convicted "spies." Today "high treason" covers a multitude of offences. But the end is the same—headman's axe or a bullet.

In Spain and China some of the dictators' new weapons have been tested out on flesh and blood.

☆

That is the real reason why the dictators are there. But the "Fourth Arm" is also there.

You can get hints of their work if you glean the Spanish news and radio bulletins thoroughly enough.

Last year an Italian F.I.A.T. made a forced landing in Government territory. The pilot was killed, but the machine was intact.

In its guns were belts full of new and very unpleasant bullets.

One of the first on the scene was a British "volunteer" with the Government Air Force. He was very interested in the bullets used by this enemy pilot and took some away with him.

Shortly afterwards he left the aerodrome where he was stationed. He just "disappeared." Perhaps his contract was up. Perhaps he went to another aerodrome. Nobody knew.

☆

Last February the Germans brought an entirely new type of anti-aircraft gun into action on the Franco front.

Neither Italians nor Spaniards were allowed near it. The correspondent of a French paper mentioned that some British "observers" saw it in action.

It was not of German make—but today Britain has that gun.

Franco's great tank battle at Guadalajara was smashed up by a new type of anti-tank gun. Is it a coincidence that British tank designs and tactics underwent a striking change shortly afterwards?

On the other hand, there is the little story, culled from a Franco bulletin, of the "merchant" who was arrested by the secret police.

He had a British passport, but some pages were missing from it. After a preliminary interrogation "*he was shot while attempting to escape.*"

Was he a "merchant"—or was that last phrase merely the epitaph of one whose memorial is a red erasure in those two secret books in Whitehall?

We shall never know.

They all swear by the 30-Second Breakfast

These busy people have discovered how to have a delicious, satisfying energy-giving breakfast that takes only half a minute to serve

"I'M UP AT SEVEN EVERY MORNING," says Mr. Swift, window cleaner of Leeds. "A quick breakfast and then I have to be off. That's why I'm all for the 30-second breakfast of Kellogg's. It's there when you want it — cuts out all that waiting about till the meal's ready."

FROM Land's End to John o' Groat's, people have taken to Kellogg's Corn Flakes — the delicious breakfast that takes only 30 seconds to serve!

"Kellogg's save so much time and trouble," they say. "Serving them straight from the packet cuts out cooking — and there are no messy saucepans to wash up afterwards!"

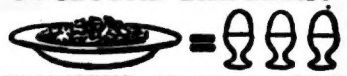
Kellogg's are crisper, too! In the first place they're made extra-crisp! Then a special "Waxtite" wrapper in the packet keeps them "oven fresh" to the very last mouthful.

And — Kellogg's are *so sustaining!* There's more energy-giving nourishment in a serving of Kellogg's with milk and sugar than you get from 3 boiled eggs. Economical, too. The big family packet costs only 5½d., and contains 10 big breakfasts. And, of course, you save on the gas bill.

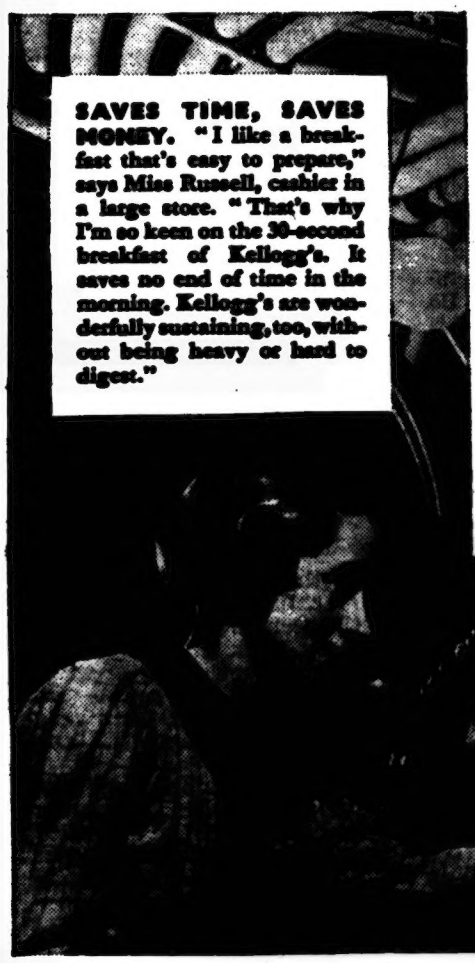
Delight *your* family with a 30-second breakfast tomorrow morning! Serve Kellogg's with milk and sugar — fruit, too, if they like it. Your grocer has Kellogg's — 5½d. a packet.

"YOU CAN'T SLACK IN MY JOB," says Mrs. McCullough, waitress in a London restaurant. "That's why I always begin the day with Kellogg's. They give me a flying start! And Kellogg's take only 30 seconds to prepare—no mess, no trouble, no pan to wash up!"

SCIENTIFIC PROOF
of the great energy-giving power of the
"30-SECOND BREAKFAST"



AN ANALYSIS made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowlful of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 boiled eggs. That is why workers find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.



SAVES TIME, SAVES MONEY. "I like a breakfast that's easy to prepare," says Miss Russell, cashier in a large store. "That's why I'm so keen on the 30-second breakfast of Kellogg's. It saves no end of time in the morning. Kellogg's are wonderfully sustaining, too, without being heavy or hard to digest."

30 SECONDS TO SERVE — KEEPS YOU GOING TILL LUNCH

Difficult CHINS

No. 5. The "Pukka Sahib" Chin

Out in the wilds, where whiskers grow fast and where a man can stay civilised only by dressing every night, Vinolia certainly is a boon. Shaving twice a day with cold water from the nearest stream might break the toughest morale but, thanks to Vinolia, the granite chins and lantern jaws of our Empire builders are always immaculate—and the Empire marches on! Only 9d—with a bakelite drainer case.

9d

VINOLIA
SHAVING STICK
★ REFILL STICK 7½d

Try a little Vinolia Talcum after shaving. Don't buy a tin to-day but steal a little of your wife's tomorrow. You'll soon buy a tin for yourself.

VINOLIA Co., Ltd., LONDON. VSS 66/118

End Your Troubles NATURALLY...

The reason why PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is such a marvellous Natural Remedy for so many different ailments is because it is PURE 'LIVE' YEAST with all its vital properties intact and therefore very rich in VITAMIN 'B'... It is a pleasant and most effective remedy for

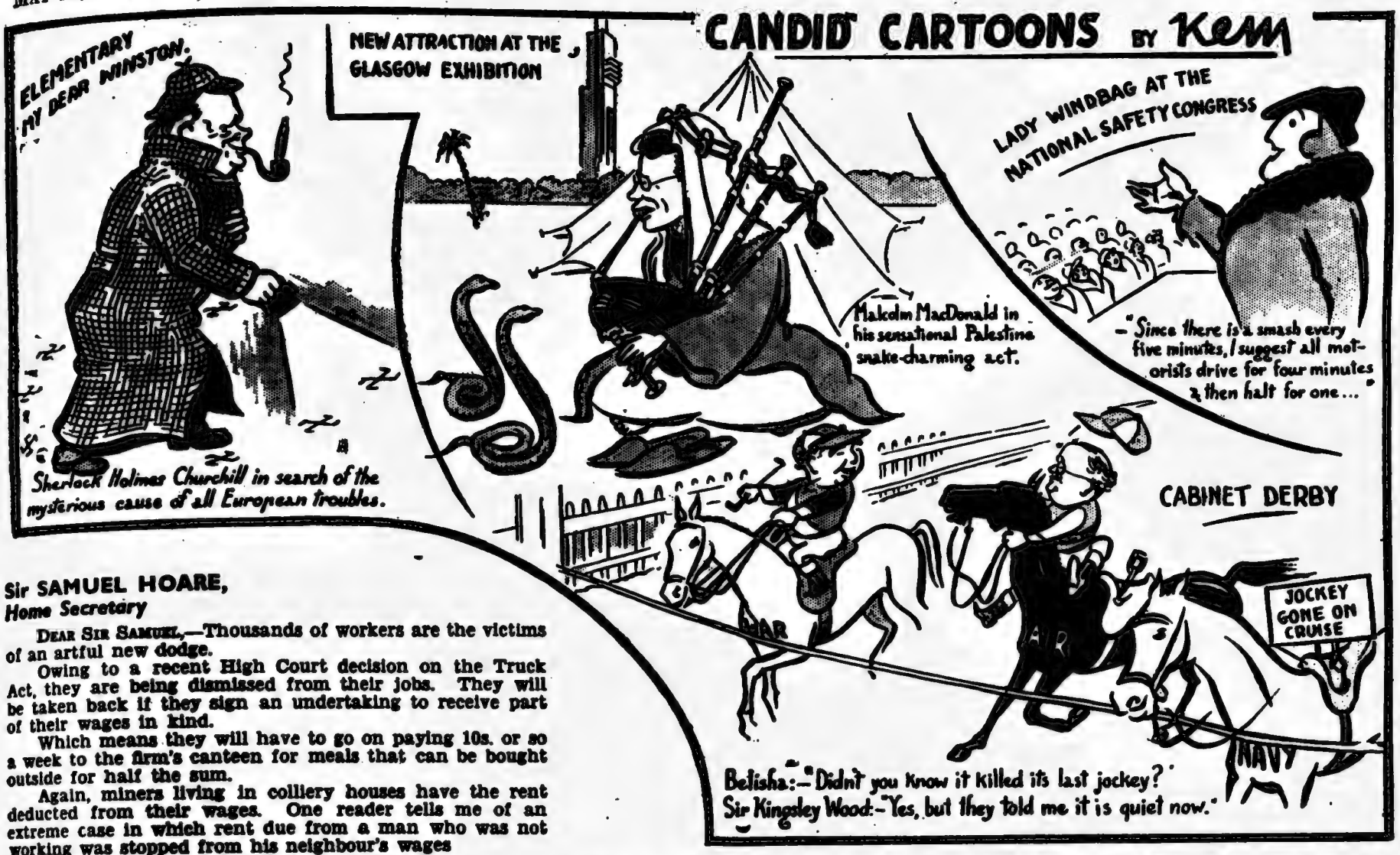
INDIGESTION
NERVES and NEURITIS

and a splendid TONIC that restores your Health and Vigour in Nature's own way. Thus Nerves are strengthened and Blood purified, while Anaemia, Insomnia, Boils and Skin disorders are quickly overcome and painful Rheumatic conditions corrected ... It is perfectly safe and *not habit-forming.*

50 Tablets 1/3 .... Family Size (150) 3/-

From all Chemists. Make no mistake — always ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name.

Phillips TONIC YEAST
REAL 'LIVE' Yeast without drugs


CANDID CARTOONS BY Kem
ELEMENTARY MY DEAR WINSTON.
Sherlock Holmes Churchill in search of the mysterious cause of all European troubles.
NEW ATTRACTION AT THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION
Malcolm MacDonald in his sensational Palestine snake-charming act.
LADY WINDBAG AT THE NATIONAL SAFETY CONGRESS
– "Since there is a smash every five minutes, I suggest all motorists drive for four minutes & then halt for one..."
CABINET DERBY
JOCKEY GONE ON CRUISE
Belisha:–"Didn't you know it killed its last jockey?"
Sir Kingsley Wood:–"Yes, but they told me it is quiet now."

OPEN LETTERS

Sir SAMUEL HOARE,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR SAMUEL,—Thousands of workers are the victims of an artful new dodge.

Owing to a recent High Court decision on the Truck Act, they are being dismissed from their jobs. They will be taken back if they sign an undertaking to receive part of their wages in kind.

Which means they will have to go on paying 10s. or so a week to the firm's canteen for meals that can be bought outside for half the sum.

Again, miners living in colliery houses have the rent deducted from their wages. One reader tells me of an extreme case in which rent due from a man who was not working was stopped from his neighbour's wages —and the latter was told to recover it from his friend!

Can't your legal advisers defeat such tricks?
—JOHN BULL.

The ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY,
Lambeth Palace

YOUR GRACE,—Evidently you and I talk different languages.

Though it wrings your heart to abandon the Abyssinians to the lions, you protest that our treaty with Italy "involves no sacrifice of principle."

I don't wonder the Bishop of Durham turned upon you with anger rarely displayed in the sedate House of Lords!

The Anglo-Italian treaty may or may not be expedient. But even the smooth phrases of an archbishop cannot disguise its abject admission that we have deserted the honourable stand we once made against Italian aggression.—JOHN BULL.

Wing-Commander E. J. HODSELL,
Inspector-General, Air Raids Precautions

DEAR COMMANDER HODSELL,—Thanks for further evidence that we are a wonderful people.

The A.R.P. Tripe Supper, to which you have been invited, may become a regular fillip to the nation's gaiety. Certainly you are right in urging that darts and other games can make anti-bomb training more attractive.

"What we are doing is being watched abroad," you add. Well, our Anti-Air Raid Tripe Suppers should leave foreigners open-mouthed with admiring astonishment.—JOHN BULL.

CARDIGAN COUNCIL: So your tenants mustn't own wireless sets or dogs without your approval. Go to—Germany!—JOHN BULL.

Sir CHARLES BRESSEY,
Famous Engineer

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—Disappointment threatens you, I fear.

Your plan to solve London's traffic problems for the next thirty years is colossal. That's the trouble.

Our rulers prefer to muddle along with piecemeal schemes—bits of road here, an inadequate bridge there. They will blink incredulously at your bold conception of mighty boulevards, motor parkways, tunnels and embankments. And they'll just smile and forget it.—JOHN BULL.

Lord CLARENDON,
New Lord Chamberlain

MY LORD,—May you succeed in ridding the Royal Court of the abuses which have been foisted upon it.

I understand that the King is determined to end the practice of debutantes being presented by gold-digging peeresses in return for fat fees.

It will be your duty, when you take office in a few weeks' time, to carry out His Majesty's intentions, and you will find the racket surprisingly widespread.

Obviously, it tends to cheapen the Monarchy that is Britain's pride. Act ruthlessly yet discreetly and you will earn our thanks.—JOHN BULL.

CONSTITUTIONAL CLUB: Strange you want to increase subscriptions by two guineas to cover rise in food prices. Government you support still tells unemployed that food is no dearer.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. ERIC TREACHY,
St. Mary's, Edgehill, Liverpool

DEAR VICAR,—Keep cool or you'll scorch your surplice.

Modern schoolgirls, you declare, subject decent boys to dreadful temptations. Girls from the poorer areas develop at an alarmingly early age, it seems.

Even the childish game of "tig" may encourage boys to tickle girls, thereby corrupting their morals!

Parents are no better. They don't care what their children do. They even feed them on bread and dripping, washed down by strong tea.

Well, I can't imagine how bread and dripping can make girls amorous. But I daresay your lamentations will be greedily devoured by our Dismal Jimmies.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. J. R. REES,
Medical Director, Tavistock Clinic

DEAR DOCTOR,—Lord Faversham tells us that more than half of Britain's population needs psychological treatment for mental or nervous disorder.

That seems to me to be piling it on, but I shall not quarrel with your own estimate that one person in every fourteen needs mental adjustment.

Bad enough, certainly. And equally deplorable is the fact, for which you vouch, that only one doctor in every 150 knows how to handle neurotic problems.

I heard this week of a doctor who failed to diagnose a case of insanity. When specialists were called in, he told the patient's wife, "I still can't believe it. After all, your husband is a gentleman."

Leaves you speechless, doesn't it?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. B. E. ASTBURY,
Secretary, Charity Organisation Society

DEAR MR. ASTBURY,—Your statements on bogus charity-mongers emphasises the warnings frequently given in these columns.

As you have told Parliament, the promoters are within the law if they devote only the smallest fraction of their collections to charity and pocket the rest.

Lord Marley comments that, in one concern, no more than 3½d. in the £ went to charity. That is a generous proportion. A farthing would satisfy our preposterous law.

The Bill to end such iniquities should not be delayed much longer.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. B. ALEXANDER,
Modern Robinson Crusoe

DEAR SIR,—Undoubtedly there is still untold wealth in the Empire for the adventurous to discover.

Why, you have found pearls worth £7,000 in three months—a return which would make many City magnates seem poor. Though you own 63,000 acres, plenty more awaits settlers.

So, after living a Robinson Crusoe life on the North Australian coast for twenty-five years, you have come back to your native London to persuade societies to undertake exploration there and to encourage young men to answer the call of the (possibly) rich open spaces.

May they emulate your prosperity!—JOHN BULL.

SIR W. CITRINE: Yes, trade depressions can be averted. Roosevelt knows that wise spending is good insurance; we need a Roosevelt here.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN SIMON,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR JOHN,—The National Council of Women has a complaint. It's a sound one.

They say the method of assessing income tax for married couples, where both partners have incomes, is a tax on morality.

If two unmarried people live together, they get much bigger tax abatements than if they were married.

This has been pointed out to your predecessors at the Exchequer, but with no result.

It's bad law that makes immorality a paying proposition and penalises marriage. Remedy it in the Finance Bill now before Parliament.—JOHN BULL.

SENSATIONAL MATTRESS OFFER!

For 6 Days Only UNTIL SAT. MAY 28TH

Special Supply RESERVED for "John Bull" READERS UNTIL SAT. JUNE 4TH ONLY

★ ANOTHER HUGE PURCHASE ★ of 10,000 4ft. 6ins. FULL SIZE SPRING INTERIOR MATTRESSES MADE TO SELL AT 79/6

AT THE KNOCK-OUT PRICE of 49/6 EACH

Deferred Payments Price 52/6

2/6 MONTHLY

NO DEPOSIT

Attractive Damask Cover in Variety of Colourings

Eyeletted to ensure perfect Ventilation

Handles for easy Turning

180 Super Springs made from extra high tensile British Drawn Wire

Springs enclosed in Fibre Pad and Layers of soft White Felt

Unique opportunity to secure this 4ft. 6in. FULL-SIZE SPRING INTERIOR MATTRESS of fine quality at a remarkably low price. It is sturdy and strong, and its pliability and softness ensure sound sleep from which you wake thoroughly refreshed and invigorated.

ORDER BY POST

JAS. WOODHOUSE & SON

LONDON

55-61, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.1

BIRMINGHAM	59-61, New Street	NEWCASTLE/TYNE	73-76, Northumberland St.
WOLVERHAMPTON	63-67, Victoria Street	SUNDERLAND	18, Fawcett Street
WALSALL	64, Park Street	SOUTH SHIELDS	30-36, King Street
MANCHESTER	144-152, Deansgate	BLYTH	21, Turner Street
LIVERPOOL	44-60, Lord Street	MIDDLESBROUGH	26, Newport Road
BIRKENHEAD	120, Grange Road	DEWSBURY	4, Westgate
WARRINGTON	86-92, Bailey Street	BARNSLEY	9, Market Hill
WIGAN	14, Standishgate	DONCASTER	Westminster Arcade, High St.
BLACKPOOL	3-5, Clifton Street	READING	2-4, Oxford Road
CREWE	23-25, Earle Street	SOUTHAMPTON	130-132, Above Bar
CHESTER	32, Bridge Street Row East	PORTSMOUTH	57, Commercial Road
SHEFFIELD	33-35, Fargate	BOURNEMOUTH	163-167, Old Christchurch Road
LEEDS	46, New Lane	EDINBURGH	68, Princes Street
BRADFORD	39-43, Darley Street	GLASGOW	23-29, Renfield Street
HUDDERSFIELD	36, New Street	NEW YORK (U.S.A.), MONTREAL, QUEBEC and TORONTO (CANADA)	

POST this COUPON IF YOU CANNOT COME to OUR SHOWROOMS

★ Send me the Advertised 4ft 6in Mattress Carriage Paid. I enclose herewith First Instalment of 2/6 and agree to pay the balance of 50/- at the rate of 2/6 monthly or 49/6 cash herewith

Name .....

Address .....

J.B. 28/5/38.

STATE WHETHER BLUE, GREEN, PINK or FAWN COVERING

THIS MATTRESS AND BARGAIN BOOK may also be obtained at

CAVENDISH FURNITURE CO., LTD.

LONDON—439-441, OXFORD STREET, W.1.
LONDON—150-158, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.8.

BRISTOL, NOTTINGHAM, NORTHAMPTON, HULL, GRIMSBY, CHATHAM, HANLEY, BOLTON, BLACKBURN, ACCRINGTON, BURNLEY, PRESTON, LANCASTER, BARROW-IN-FURNESS, WHITEHAVEN, WORKINGTON, CARDIFF, SWANSEA, HAVERFORDWEST, NEWPORT (Mon.), BELFAST, LONDONDERRY, DUBLIN.

FREE FURNITURE BARGAIN BOOK

POST IN UNSEALED ENVELOPE ½d. STAMP

Name .....

Address .....

J.B., 28/5/38

King George V opening the World Economic Conference in 1933. It failed. The next must not.

This Way for PEACE!

"Nothing should be conceded to force, or threat of force," says A.G.G.

By A. G. Gardiner

THE finishing touches are being put to the Anglo-American trade agreement, and by the middle of next month the document should be completed and published.

Between them, the British and American Commonwealths, with all their collaterals, represent not less than a third of the surface of the earth, and certainly not less than half of its material wealth and potentialities.

They represent, too, the overwhelming preponderance of the free, self-governing elements in the world to-day.

Any understanding between two such vast systems could not fail to be felt throughout the globe. And the fact that in this case it is an economic and not a political understanding in no way diminishes its importance.

For the sickness of the world is ultimately economic.

BEHIND all the political manœuvrings of the nations, the forging of military alliances, the competition in armaments, the fierce exchanges of flamboyant challenges and the universal apprehension, the real purpose common to all peoples is the will to live and the acquisition of the means to live.

Gratify that will, and the political clashes and ambitions of the nations will become easy of accommodation. And it is because the Anglo-American trade agreement may be a first step to the cure of the economic ailment of the nations that it is awaited with such world-wide concern.

When the war ended, no one realised the vast thing that had happened. It was assumed that, as after previous wars, the world could be patched up again and would, with certain political adjustments, go on very much as before.

To-day, we know how baseless that assumption was. It was baseless because of the fact we had not realised.

That fact is that the whole economic structure of human society had collapsed in the abyss of the war. The scheme of intercourse by which the nations had lived had been reduced to ruins, and out of the ruins a new structure on an entirely different plan had to be evolved.

Hence the tragic record of the twenty years that have elapsed since the war—the financial crashes; the unprecedented trade slumps; the waves of unemployment that have swept the world.

Out of this economic chaos has emerged the deadly doctrine of economic nationalism. Each for himself and the Devil take the hindmost. World trade the enemy, and Protection the gospel, of salvation. Build high the tariff walls and shut out the foreigner. Since we cannot sell abroad we must cease to buy from abroad.

Each nation must be self-contained, independent, isolated. If it has not the commodities it wants, it must invent substitutes, no matter how costly or inferior. Currencies are frozen, credits are frozen, trade is frozen.

And in this Arctic world one thought of deliverance prevails. It is the thought of escape by war. There is only one flourishing industry—the manufacture of armaments.

Let us starve, but let us be strong, irresistible, so that in the day of reckoning we can enrich ourselves at the expense of weaker nations.

"Guns rather than butter," cries General Goering. War is the instrument with which we can replenish our garners and fill our coffers with gold.

In a word, economic nationalism is war economy.

Its motive is war: its inevitable issue must be war.

This is the fate to which the world is drifting, or, rather, feverishly racing. If it is to be averted there is only one thing to be done.

The economic pressure which is at the back of the world's political disorders must be relieved by other means.

And this brings me back to the Anglo-American trade agreement and the next step.

That agreement should give the world a resounding lead out of the dismal swamps of economic nationalism back to the sanities of international co-operation and freedom of trade.

It is stated, I hope with authority, that, following the signing of the agreement, the signatory Powers will join in summoning a World Economic Conference with the object of removing the causes of international friction and setting the nations on the road to a new economic order.

THE tragedy is that this was not done when the war ended, and it is to be hoped that if done now a happier fate will attend it than that which befell the World Economic Conference of 1933.

That Conference owed its initiative to President Roosevelt. It unhappily owed its lamentable collapse also to President Roosevelt.

For hardly had the Conference got under way when that mercurial statesman suddenly reversed the engines of policy. He had fallen under the influence of Professor Moley and sent that gentleman with instructions that killed the Conference stone dead.

HE refused to consider proposals for the stabilisation of exchanges and for the return to an international monetary standard.

In a word, he joined the forces of economic nationalism and those forces have run riot with increasing momentum ever since.

We have had our share in this fatal folly, and not the least cause of the drift to world catastrophe has been the Ottawa policy which so seriously aggravated the grievances of the "Have-not" nations.

If, as the outcome of the Anglo-American trade agreement, a new attempt is made to bring the world back to economic sanity, it must not suffer the fate of the Conference of 1933.

To succeed it must be initiated with the full sense of the dread alternative, and with the determination that no reasonable sacrifice would be too high a price to pay to get the world out of the rut of economic nationalism on to the road of international co-operation.

Nothing should be conceded to force or the threat of force.

Everything possible should be conceded as the price of rehabilitating the League, establishing the principle of collective security and organising universal disarmament.

If Germany and Italy would join in a policy of reconciliation and appeasement on these terms, every economic grievance of which they complain should be faced and if possible removed.

EQUAL access to raw material should be established by the removal of all discriminative tariffs.

The colonial bogy should be exorcised by making the administration of backward peoples a common mandatory obligation under the League.

International credit should resume its beneficent work by releasing the hoards of gold at present lying dormant in the treasuries of the possessing Powers.

With peace guaranteed on the one side and equal opportunity on the other, a new world order would be achieved, and an unparalleled impulse would be given to international trade. We should all prosper together.

The alternative is that we shall all perish together.

This is the choice before the world to-day.

Let us lose no time in putting the issue to the test.

Not from the B.B.C.

The Baa-Baa Boys

If you're anxious that your kind
Should consider you refined
To a really high degree,
You must learn without delay
How to prattle in a way
That suggests the B.B.C.

A cultivated tone
You must strive to make your own,
Then in time you may rejoice—
If your vowels you iron out flat
When you're talking through your hat—
In a true-blue red-ear voice!

WHILE all must be familiar with the red-ear voice, some may not at first recognise it in print, so I hasten to explain that "red-ear" is Professor Lloyd James's phonetic rendering of the word "radio" as mispronounced by boys of the baa-lamb breed.

These are the lads to whom, as the Professor points out, all vowels are the same vowel, whether they are telling of how a house caught "fah" in "Gah" Street, or informing a bewildered motorist that there is some "tah" on the "tahs" of his "cah."

It is not suggested that all "red-ear" cummentatahs employ this lingo.

But it is widespread enough to breed distrust of attempts to flatten out the accents of Ecclefechan and the Mile End Road into something labelled "standard" English.

That such attempts meet with opposition was shown when Mr. Rodney Bennett told a speech-training conference of a boy who, having been taught to improve his speech, was rebuked by his mother with: "None of that Rolls-Royce stuff 'ere!"—a protest that makes me eager to render homage to motherhood.

Although I've remained indifferent to the grey-haired mothers (manufactured by the same process as synthetic molasses) of Hollywood, or the coal-black dittoes of Kentucky and Dixie, nobody will outdo me in reverence for a mother thus determined to protect her progeny from the baneful effects of rahfainment.

Surely standardised speech is the last thing to be desired in an age already addicted to standardised dress and amusements, standardised

jitters, and a more or less standardised brand of lunacy warranted to produce standardised chaos.

'Tis very wrong of Zummerset
To speak an "s" as "z,"
And how much naicer would it be
(Reformers say) if far Dundee
Its dreadful accent shed!

When these pale pedants have arranged
The shape of things to come,
No aitches will bestrew the street
In 'Ackney, nor will Yorkshire greet
A brother with "Bah goom"!

For then from Southend to Loch Ness,
By Thames and Tweed and Cam,
The varied voices now we meet
Will, sheep-like, have acquired the bleat
Of Mary's little lamb!

Y. Z.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths, Towels Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties etc. A 1,000 bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 assrtd. articles, 10/-. 48 cups, saucers, 4/-. Glass & Hardware Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, Burslem.

FOX BROS. for SMALLWARES, Flashlamps, Toilet Goods, Hosiery, etc. Keep Wholesale Price List Free.—90B, Thomas St., Manchester, 4.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A. 19, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE Goods to Sell. Every kind. Easy Terms for Spare-time Agent & Shopkeeper. 144-Page Catalogue free.—MAY (125), Birmingham.

DRAPERS! BEGINNERS! You cannot get Better Value anywhere than from ARCHER, CASTLE GATE, NOTTINGHAM. New Summer Wholesale Catalogues Free on Receipt of p.c.

115-PAGE New 1937 Wholesale Drapery Catalogue. Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of quality and value. Keenest prices. All Dep'ts., Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household, Boots & Shoes. Satis. G'ntd. W'sale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity Street, Leeds, 1.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR CREDIT Traders, Shopkeepers and Beginners. Send for free illus. Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods.—Dept. J.B., THE HOUNDSDITCH WAREHOUSE CO., LTD., Houndsditch, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

AGENTS Wtd. Estonian Xmas Club. Free Gift every Agent. Highest comm. Not outlay. Chocs., Fancy Goods, Drapery, Toys, Cigs., etc. Wines for Agents. Send for Catalogue and partics.—Eatons (Dept. "B.A."), Wortley, Leeds, 12.

AGENTS WANTED in EVERY TOWN for "DOX" Self-polishing Cloths. Write, DOX, 8, Rockley Road, LONDON, W.14.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS. Big Commission. No outlay. Handsome Free Gift. Big Cash Prizes. Beautifully illustrated Catalogue Free. F. J. TATE, 36, Neville Street, Leeds, 1.

CHRISTMAS CLUBS. Persons wanting to make money, no previous experience required. Largest cash commission, also valuable gifts to every agent. We also give present, value 4 gns., to all with £25 turnover. We supply Monster Catalogue illustrating nearly 2,000 lines of Xmas and Household Goods. Free and postage paid.—DENNIS & CO., Dept. 72, Colne, Lancs.

TEA AGENTS WANTED in all districts. Easy to get customers with our special values. Big profits and regular earnings. No experience required. Send for details to Sealon Tea Co. (Dept. J.B.), Mitcham, Surrey.

£2 CASH BONUS and 50%.—Sales people, either sex, all parts of U.K., whole or spare time, for 1/- and 1/6 copyright lines. Selling like wildfire in offices factories, shops, house-to-house. Samples of actual lines free, post paid.—Write now, before territory allocated.—H. A. Herbert, Albert Grove, Bristol, 8.

EMPLOYMENT.

THE BRITISH ARMY. Vacancies exist in all branches. Good pay, Food, clothing and accommodation free.—Opportunities for education, physical training and sport. Liberal holidays on full pay. — Apply any Army Recruiting Office, address obtainable at Post Offices and Employment Exchanges.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE has vacancies for Skilled, Semi-skilled and Unskilled Men. Apply for age limits and full particulars to Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 90, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 12s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 827), 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

SEVENTY-FIVE vacancies occur for men aged 19-21 as Customs and Excise Officers. Commencing pay, £3 3s., rising to £11 per week. No experience required. For full details of entrance requirements apply B.T.I. (Dept. 301), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

POLICE RECRUITS' Handbook for 1938 (FREE).—Contains information on pay, prospects and entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-23) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 302), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

DRAUGHTSMEN — Numerous vacancies in Engineering, Building, G.P.O., etc., for men age 17-40. Exp. unnecessary if willing to learn. Details of openings, salaries, etc., FREE on application to N.I.E. (Dept. 383), Staple Inn Building, LONDON, W.C.1.

POLICE FORCE. Vacancies for young men age 19-27. Start £3 weekly. Ordinary education now sufficient. For FREE details of age, height and other requirements apply C.C. (Dept. 139), 235, High Holborn, W.C.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES.—The 1938 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance Exams., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE Entrance Scheme. £1,400 offered in Prizes. Young men and women considering a Civil Service Career should write for free details of this new scheme immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 351), 356, Oxford St., W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

RETAILERS.—Local trade is limited, so why not sell by post? — the modern method of Trading? Advertise bargain line in John Bull's famous "Shop Window" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. One advertiser recently reported that from a single advertisement he had received over 500 orders for a 10/- article. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? Start small, grow big. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Links and Sales Development Dept., John Bull, Room 22, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE
10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 12, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CLEARING lins in Ladies' Shetland Hand-Knit Openwork Jumpers, etc. Send us your inquiries. Shetland Woollens, Hillswick, 2, Shetland.

WALLPAPERS from 2d. Roll. "Shields" Pattern Book post free (both ways).—Apply: Dept. J.B., Bruce & Hall, South Shields.

WALLPAPERS for Householders and traders from 2d. 250 patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. S), Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

1/6 DEPOSIT secures the Ambron Reducing Corset offered on page 26.

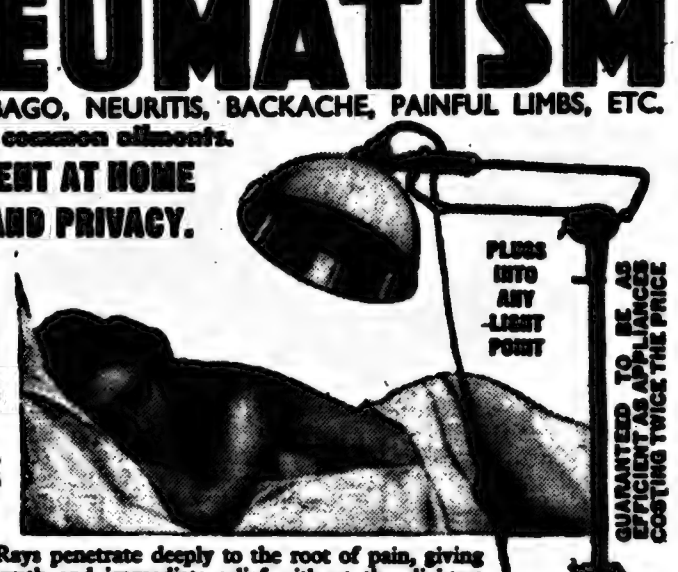
FREE Furnishing Catalogue.—Fill in the coupon on p. 12, or write, mentioning John Bull, to Jas. Woodhouse & Son, 86/91, New Oxford Street, London, W.1, or The Cavendish Furniture Co., Ltd., 439/441, Oxford Street, London, W.1, for free Catalogue full of bargains of furniture, etc.

IF you would like full particulars of either the Murphy Battery table model or the All-Wave Mains table model, as illustrated on page 4, write, mentioning John Bull, to Murphy Radio, Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts. Hire-purchase terms are available on all Murphy sets, which are guaranteed for a year.

A Triumph of Medical Science
THE MODERN MARVEL OF
INFRA-RED RAYS for
RHEUMATISM
SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS, BACKACHE, PAINFUL LIMBS, ETC.
and for over 40 common ailments.

SAFE TREATMENT AT HOME IN COMFORT AND PRIVACY.

AS USED BY HOSPITALS, DOCTORS, CLINICS, etc., with REMARKABLE SUCCESS



Invisible Infra-Red Rays penetrate deeply to the root of pain, giving soothing internal warmth and immediate relief without the slightest discomfort or risk.

READ, WRITE, KNIT OR REST WHILE INFRA-RED RAYS REMOVE YOUR PAIN

The Cox-Cavendish DUPLEX Infra-Red Ray Apparatus, as supplied to Hospitals and other Curative Centres, is simplicity itself, and costs no more to run than an electric lamp. Just plug into a light point, and switch on. No skill or assistance required.

80 TRAVELLERS SENT TO DERBY YES.

Source of Imitations. Note Trade Mark.

DUPLEX INFRA-RED RAY APPARATUS

GRATITUDE. Typical of hundreds of enthusiastic testimonials.

Meghull, 26.2.38—I wish to express my thanks for the expeditious delivery of the H.515 Duplex Apparatus. It has been found immediately efficacious in the treatment of Lumbago.

Burdem, 5.5.38—Suffering from Rheumatoid Arthritis for many years, having tried many known remedies without any relief, I was really willing to give anything a trial. For the first time in many years I am getting relief from the pains of Rheumatoid Arthritis through the daily use of the DUPLEX Infra Red Ray Lamp.

Models from 60/-

INSTALMENTS FROM 3d. PER DAY

Model Illustrated

95/6 CASH OR INSTALMENTS

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE A DUPLEX APPLIANCE. GET FREE—AND KEEP FIT.

COUPON for BROCHURE & 10 DAYS' TRIAL OFFER

Please send Illustrated Brochure of Cox-Cavendish DUPLEX Models, with particulars of easy terms. Deferred Terms and TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL (Satisfaction or Full Refund). Unsealed envelope 1d. stamp.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

COX-CAVENDISH ELECTRICAL COMPANY, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), Phone: WELbeck 2266-7, 61, MARYLEBONE HIGH ST., LONDON, W.1

SPECIALISTS FOR 25 YEARS IN MEDICAL APPLIANCES

COMPLETE Chimney Sweeping and Drain Cleaning Machine, 12/6 only—a bargain advertised in John Bull's "Shop Window" top of page 3. See advert. of S. Tyzack & Son, Ltd.

RECORD Offer of Motor Cycles. A brand-new 1938 Red Panther taxed and insured for £5 now. There are no extras and the machine is fully equipped complete with dyno. lighting. This is one of the bargains advertised by Messrs. Pride & Clarke, Ltd. Read the full offer in their advertisement on page 3.

IF YOU WANT to buy a good pair of Prismatic Binoculars, why not purchase on easy terms? For the small sum of 3/- you can obtain immediate delivery of the splendid model advertised by Messrs. Davis & Co. on page 2. Other Models by famous makers on similar terms.

CYCLES, as well as cyclists are very fashionable this year, and Hercules, the largest cycle manufacturers in the world, provide the finest cycles on the road to-day. Superior specification, performance and finish make Hercules far and away the easiest running cycle obtainable. See your local dealer and place your order now. Easy terms from 2/- weekly. Don't overlook the announcement on the Front Cover of this issue.

3/- MONTHLY secures Graves fashionable coat, illustrated on page 28. Write, mentioning John Bull, for full range of cloth patterns of newest models; coats, costumes, frocks, underwear, etc., in latest styles.

DO you know that you can hire or hire-purchase an electric cooker? With the simple touch of a switch the heat from a fameless electric oven can cook a meal easily. See page 23.

FREE book for needlewomen. A copy of a 44-page book "Re-dress Your Rooms," which is full of new ideas for cushions, covers, curtains, etc. will be sent free and post free to all who write, mentioning John Bull, to Singer Sewing Machine Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., Singer Building, City Road, London, E.C.1. This offer is made by the proprietors of Singer's Sewing Machines, which can be obtained on such low easy terms as 2/6 weekly. Every housewife should have a copy of this free book. Don't delay, send for it at once.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

MORE CASH FOR POULTRY-KEEPERS. Make bigger profits from your poultry NOW by getting the new revised 1938 edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book, now on sale. Packed with valuable information. NEARLY 400 PAGES deal with every poultry problem—essential help for beginners and experts alike. Send a 2/6 P.O. TO-DAY to the "Feathered World," Dept. J.B., 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

GARDENING.

FREE.—"Your Garden," 80-page book in full colours. Advice on Gardening by leading experts —Richard Sudell, F. H. Cook, H. Wheatcroft, Rex Beale, etc. Limited Number only. Send a p.c. (1d. stamp) for YOURS now.—LASCO, LTD. (Dept. 1), LIVERPOOL.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (B.32M), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FREE Sample of Cyphos will quickly convince you of effectiveness of this Harley Street Physician's Remedy for Colds and Headaches. Does not affect heart. Safe and certain. Send p.c. CYPHOS, Ltd. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

RHEUMATISM sufferers should not overlook the special display announcement on this page.

FREE to indigestion sufferers — pocket (or handbag) sample of Moorland Indigestion tablets and diet chart. Write (enclosing 1½d. stamp) to W. H. Cartwright, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawden, Leeds. See page 18.

A FREE Sample of URIACH brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered in ad. on p. 25.

FREE.—Heath and Heather offer a free copy of their "Famous Book of Herbs," which has meant new health to thousands. Fill in the coupon on page 33 and post to Heath and Heather, Ltd. (Dept. 18), St. Albans, Herts.

SUFFERERS from hair troubles can obtain a testing packet of Kotalko, the hair grower, and a tablet of Kotalko soap on receipt of 3d. and the coupon completed on page 25.

FREE.—A sample of Dale's Gin Pills for Kidney Trouble, Backache, etc.—Write, mentioning John Bull, to Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 31/33a, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. See page 32.

ASTHMA CONQUERED! Generous free trial samples of Dr. Singhs (Brand) Tablets are offered in the announcement on page 38.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Fill in the coupon on the Back Cover for free sample of Elasto, the biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet fully explaining the Elasto treatment. Send the coupon now, while you think of it.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

OLD Gold at more than melting price. Prompt attention to post parcels. Cameo Corner, 26, Museum St., London, W.C.1. Mus. 6401.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TENNIS Rackets, 30/- first-class Lillywhite, Slazenger's, etc., 8/- to 15/-. Lists Gntd. Cook's Lost Property, 43, New Oxford St., W.C.1.

GOLF Clubs, sets, bigbery and steel; also single clubs; part exchange. Lists, Cook's Lost Property, 43, New Oxford St., W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

ACCEPT this free double offer. You can get a trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Soapless Shampoo if you write, mentioning John Bull, to Dept. J.B.9, Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Simply enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage. Send at once for this perfect combination to improve your hair. See page 21.

HOUSEWIVES, get a free copy of a booklet, "A Lesson in Cooking Vegetables in a New Way." Simply fill in your name and address in the Coupon in the Stork Margarine advt. on p. 25.

SENSATIONAL mattress offer. 2/6 first instalment and 2/6 a month secures full-size 4 ft. 6 in. spring interior mattress. This bargain is available for a short time only. A special supply has been reserved for John Bull readers until Saturday, June 4, only. You can order by post if you use the special coupon in the advertisement on page 12. Hurry before it is too late. If you are interested in other Furniture bargains send for the Free Catalogue of Bargain Furniture by filling in the other coupon on the same page.

SWIFT'S Plate Corned Beef is quality beef, full of flavour, tender and really juicy. It carves easily—anywhere. No crumbling. You get thin, even slices every time. Six tins of Swift's in the larder means six ready-cooked meals in hand. See page 27.

IF You want good "snaps" use Selo Film. There are several varieties to suit any and every photographic occasion and every make and size of camera. Say Selo for "snaps." See page 4.

A MARVELLOUS new cream hair remover that works without odour is announced on page 27. It can be obtained at all branches of Boots, Timothy White's and Taylor's, all good chemists, hairdressers and stores. Price 1/6 large tube. Trial size 6d.

THERE'S no beard too tough a proposition for Palmolive Shaving Cream. Olive oil is the secret of Palmolive's super softening powers. Other reasons for its popularity appear in the advertisement on page 26.

IF you want a pipping cool tobacco, try Bondman. Always obtainable in easy-to-open vacuum tins. See page 31.

Write, mentioning John Bull, to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B. 2, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1, for free particulars of this famous dog mixture.

NAIL BITING.—Free booklet sent privately for 1½d. stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filter, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.11), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

Public Enemy

Slippiest promoter of long-firm frauds Scotland Yard has known for years. That's Edward Danin, whose picture, never before reproduced, earns the title of Public Enemy this week.

The police are hot on his trail. I hope they will soon run him down.

With three confederates, also wanted, he has swindled merchants of tens of thousands of pounds.

Danin was closely associated with Samuel Cohen, described as a "king of swindlers" when he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude at the Old Bailey recently.

Ashford and Nichols, merchants, Falcon Square, London, E.C., was the guise in which Danin carried through his last big fraud.

Posing as Richard Nichols, he spread his elaborate net from an imposing and lavishly furnished suite of offices.

Frederick Valle, Jack Rogeff, and Charles Frederick Graham, the three men who assisted him, were set up in businesses with false names at different addresses.

Then the same old plan was set in motion.

Amazing how it still works if the men behind it are clever enough. Orders for large quantities of goods on credit were sent out by Ashford and Nichols.

The confederates helped in providing excellent references. They were also used to dispose of the goods—for cash, of course.

The entire transactions were over in no time and the deluded merchants found the offices of their customer deserted.

There was the same empty silence in the warehouses of the merchants who had furnished such splendid references. The name-plates had disappeared, too.

Rogeff had called himself Donald and Company, of London, E.C.; Graham had boldly stuck to his own name—just Graham and Company—and Valle traded as W. G. Burton, Gray's Inn Road, King's Cross.

A quick change of aliases has enabled this quartette to pocket large sums of money by similar frauds in the last few years.

Danin seldom uses his own name, but note the two "beauty spots" on his face. He can't change these.

Sham World Champion EXPOSED

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' SPECIAL DOSSIER (I)

BEHIND a ju-jitsu contest billed to take place at Dundee on June 29 is one of the most impudent sporting claims I have ever investigated.

Daniel Campbell, local youth, describes himself as the holder of the World's Judo Championship and also the famous Black Belt of Japan.

He is supposed to be meeting Yukio Tani, world-famous expert and Champion of Kodokwan.

The Japanese is certainly a renowned ju-jitsu expert—but last year he had a stroke which left him partially paralysed, and to-day he can walk only with the aid of a stick.

Moreover, he has refused to have anything to do with the contest!

Campbell is no more entitled to the honours he claims than the man in the moon. They are mythical, anyway. I am amazed by the cool cheek used to spread the legend at his home.

He left Perth about three years ago, a strapping lad who had done some wrestling in the neighbourhood.

Last summer he returned, the conquering World's Ju-jitsu Champion—so he said.

That was not all. A long report appeared in a local newspaper telling how the championship had been won at a mysterious contest in London.

It was at a private gymnasium where only the contestants and officials were present! Still, according to the report, Prince Chichibu, brother of the Emperor of Japan, managed to get in.

Campbell was presented to him, it was stated. His opponent was simply described as a Japanese who had been holder of the European and World titles for three years. No name. I expect it was too difficult to spell.

Description of the epic struggle was wonderfully graphic. "At the outset of the contest it was thought that Campbell was outclassed, but as time went on his movements were made with lightning-like speed, and it was noted that he was slowly getting the better of his opponent."

There was lots more. Presentation by Prince Chichibu of "a certificate given by kind permission of His Excellency the Emperor of Japan" and so on.

Then a little history—how Campbell was supposed to have skipped through the Scottish and Welsh Championships on to the title for all Britain.

Now let us hear from Mr. H. A. Thicker, honorary secretary of the Budokwai.

This organisation is to ju-jitsu what the Jockey Club is to horse racing. The Japanese Ambassador in London is the President.

"Daniel Campbell?" asked Mr. Thicker. "Never heard of him. . . . Private contest for World Judo Championship and Black Belt? . . . Never heard of it"!

I don't suppose anyone else has either, except Daniel Campbell and those privileged spectators at the mysterious contest in London.

Taki Osmuraka (from Japan), billed as the referee for the Dundee contest, might be Snow White or one of the Seven Dwarfs for all the Budokwai have heard of him.

Another grand gesture—tickets are being sold at prices ranging from 5s. to 30s.!

Did you ever hear of such colossal impudence?

£30,000,000 Trust Impostor

NOT long ago a tall, distinguished man, with a slight limp, rented a furnished villa next door to a general stores near Chelmsford.

The stores proprietor and his wife were charmed with their new tenant.

One day the husband returned from a journey to find the contents of the cash till gone, as well as some of the best furniture from the villa.

The charming tenant was missing. Later he found his wife had gone, too!

Only message from her since is a brief note, unsigned and with no address, saying she was going into the country "to be happy." It was posted in London.

John Hamblyn Watts was the name the suave stranger gave. Be on your guard against him. He is a cruel adventurer.

Before he took the storekeeper's wife away he ran a chicken hatchery venture in another district near by.

The missing wife

Leasing Breams Farm, Great Leigh, Essex, he offered £10 shares.

Upwards of 5,000 eggs were to be hatched in incubators each week.

Big profits were promised, and the typewritten prospectus stressed that, in the event of the undertaking failing to make money, the liabilities of the investors would be nil.

If necessary, the sale of the plant would be sufficient to cover all investments in full.

* * *

One victim—Mr. J. Burgess, an eighty-three-year-old retired farmer, of Terling, Essex—put up £100.

After a while he became suspicious, but the talkative chicken-hatcher was adept at putting everyone off with plausible promises.

He had the knack of giving the impression of solid prosperity everywhere he went.

A famous actor was his cousin, he mentioned casually. The actor does not know him, and has suffered considerable annoyance by the misuse of his name.

To some of his dupes he told an impressive story about a £30,000,000 Trust in which he was to participate. Utterly bogus, of course.

Meanwhile the husband of the woman who went away with him is wrestling with liabilities, resulting from the break-up of his home.

The business, once prosperous, is now almost derelict.

Two children, puzzled by the sudden disappearance of their mother, are heart-broken.

BURN THIS BLASPHEMY!

SIGNING himself "P.S.O.S." with added legend "Son of God," a strange individual is sending through the post circulars which are grossly indecent and blasphemous.

He uses several rubber stamps. One says "My Printed Spiritual Thoughts," and another "Printed Nuisance."

With the latter I am prepared to agree.

One circular advertises an "Art Studio" which touts for orders and mixes it up with religious cant.

The heading on this effusion depicts two naked girls stalking one another through a jungle.

Another leaflet, containing a portrait of a handsome young Hindoo, is labelled "Considerations Matrimonial," and contains disgusting phrases.

Following a long rigmarole, specially addressed to "Young Ladies," this person offers himself as a "Permanent Helpmate." The language he employs is obscene.

Some of the women who receive his unsolicited epistles are invited to send their photographs, age, and a statement of their means, to "P.S.O.S.," who operates from George Town, Allahabad.

What his real purpose is I do not know.

I have, however, sent the literature to the India Office, who will know how to deal with this individual.

Meanwhile, I have no doubt that the Postmaster-General will be able to seize all communications under his Warrant.

It's a 'Sell'

"Good morning. I am one of the eight girls working on a scholarship campaign. . . ."

IF a pretty girl worms her way into your office and greets you like this, be busy and end the interview at once.

She is sure to be the emissary of two bright young men canvassing subscriptions for American magazines.

They call themselves the 20th Century Publicity, and have offices in Regent Street, London, W.

Mr. Douglas James, head of the concern, has been advertising for "personable young ladies to call on business executives — salary £3 10s. to commence."

Those engaged are given a typewritten libretto to charm business men into signing a subscription form on the pretext that every order obtained wins them a vote to qualify for a course in aviation which is being sponsored by 20th Century Publications.

Actually the scholarship is a myth. It is just a slick sales trick borrowed from the United States.

He'll Puzzle You

OUR old friend Geoffrey Pardoe, bogus newspaper competition solver, is certainly a trier.

Barely two months ago, when last I warned readers against him, he was flourishing his priceless premises under the name of Frank Forsyth, with offices in New Oxford Street. Now it is "Rex Raybould," of Stockwell Green, London, S.W.9.

At the bottom of his circular, in microscopic type, is the legend, "C. H. Rome for G. R. Pardoe."

And the usual ridiculous offer: "My personally signed and duly executed guarantee to win the first prize within a month, and in the unthinkable event of failure I will send free solutions until you do win a first prize."

All you have to do, of course, is to send ten shillings and promise 20 per cent. of your winnings!

My bet is that you'll lose 10s. and your winnings will be—just disillusion.

Mrs. Reed of Addiscombe says:

"I bought these pillowslips for my daughter's birthday 10 years ago...

. . . they've been washed regularly with Persil ever since . . . to-day they're still in perfect condition . . ."

Recent photograph of Mrs. Reed and her daughter with the actual pillow-slips.

She goes on to say: " . . . Persil gets all my clothes and linen beautifully clean every time, and yet after years of washing they're as good as new. There's nothing like Persil for giving long life to things."

Countless other women have had the same experience as Mrs. Reed. After years of regular washing with Persil their linen is as white and perfect as on the day they bought it. This is because soap and oxygen in Persil are blended together in a special way that gives it its wonderful gentle action. So even the most delicate fabrics are safe with Persil, and hands never become rough with years of weekly washes.

Persil's GENTLE CLEANSING makes things last longer

PER 601-264-88

A 'plus' dog never suffers the agony of scratching

NINE YEARS OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

"No one ever sees my dog miserably scratching himself," writes Mrs. A. M. of West Wickham. "Although nine years old, everybody thinks he is a youngster, and you should see the fuss he gets. He has had his Bob Martin's regularly for years, and to-day he is very much a plus dog."

WHEN YOUR DOG SCRATCHES in company it is very embarrassing for you. But it is sheer agony for him! Continual scratching shows that he is suffering from an intense irritation under his skin, caused by impurities in his blood. In warm weather, these impurities are aggravated, and more serious blood disorders, such as loss of coat, bare patches and even eczema, may quickly follow.

Your dog cannot rid himself of blood impurities by perspiring because there are *no pores in his skin*. Nature's way to keep him in condition is to provide blood correctives among certain wild grasses. But these are beyond your dog's reach, and in their place you should provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which contains the natural blood correctives he needs.

PLUS DOGS NEVER SCRATCH

Because his blood is kept pure by Bob Martin's Condition Powders, a 'plus' dog never scratches, never has a shabby coat. These famous Powders prevent and cure all the common blood disorders such as scratching, listlessness, sour breath, loss of appetite, loose coat and eczema. The result of regular Bob Martin's is that dogs enjoy a life of constant health and happiness.

MAKE YOUR DOG A PLUS DOG

Begin now to give your dog his 'one Bob Martin's once a day'. In a very short time he'll reach a wonderful new level of fitness. He'll be a finer, friendlier companion — with better health, better coat, better spirits. He'll be a *plus* dog.

DANGER MONTHS AHEAD

If you have neglected to condition your dog, impurities will have collected in his blood. *Do not delay any longer* or you will condemn your dog to wretched suffering every time the weather warms up. Purify his blood now!

Give your dog a course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders (full directions in every packet) and then *keep* him a plus dog with 'one Bob Martin's once a day'. In packets, 6d. and 1/-, from all chemists, dog shops, etc.

to keep dogs fit the 'plus' dog way

Bob Martin's

is the rule to-day

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' SPECIAL DOSSIER (2)

Two Sinister Healers

FAKING their way to hundreds of pockets seems to be the only genuine skill possessed by two masquerading "mystics."

They are not associated in any way, but their technique is very similar.

One, twenty-six-year-old Sanmukh Singh "Yogi," styling himself one of the world's greatest spiritual healers, flaunts the ridiculous motto, "All kinds of pain cured on the spot."

He lives in Adamson Road, London, N.W.3, and from another address in Houghton Place, N.W.1, his secretary broadcasts a horoscope ramp. His fee for advice is two guineas.

The other, Murdo MacDonald-Bayne, "M.C., Ph.D., D.D., Principal of the College of Universal Science," announces that he has been honoured in five continents for help he has given to thousands in sickness, pain and doubt.

Both say that their great wisdom was imparted to them in the fastnesses of the Himalayas.

When Sanmukh Singh arrived in London in January his secretary circulated a letter. One sentence should have been sufficient to warn any common-sense person.

"The height of his spiritualism," it stated, "can simply be judged from the fact that he removes poison from blood-septic cases without medicine or operation . . . he is the only man in the world who cures certain kinds of cancer without medicine or operation."

His lowest fee appears to be £2. There are higher and varying charges for private interviews and healing.

Yet many people have foolishly parted with their money.

Murdo MacDonald-Bayne

Murdo MacDonald-Bayne let himself loose over here the other day with a lecture in Caxton Hall, Westminster.

There were lantern slides of mysterious Tibet. Reserved seats 2s. 6d. and a silver collection.

It seems that a mystery man out of nowhere came to him in the night and promised to lead him over the Himalayas to Tibet, where someone wiser than the wisest of Llamas was waiting in a cave in the mountains, specially to impart the wisdom of the ages.

* * *

This marvellous wisdom was not given to the audience in the Caxton Hall.

It is reserved for those who take the great man's course of instruction at a minimum cost of £2, or the even more expensive sittings at his private address in Pelham Street, South Kensington.

My advice to these two quacks is to get back to the rarefied atmosphere of the Himalayas while they can.

Sanmukh Singh—found his wisdom in the Himalayas

Keep Clear of this Bets Ramp

IGNORANCE of the law was an astonishing plea to come from Frederick Robert Fellows, fined £50 for betting offences at Guildhall (London) police court not long ago.

He should know every syllable of this particular legislation. For years he has sailed as near to it as anyone dare.

This time he crossed the line by receiving money in a credit betting business before the races were run.

From his offices in Holborn he is using an agency in Newington Causeway, S.E.1, to lure men to deposit £150 security for employment on dog tracks.

They are to make bets on his instructions and the salary offered is £3 per week with 15s. expenses.

These men are asked to sign a very high-sounding agreement. Two applicants who have been in touch with me had paid a cash deposit of £3 on account of the security. On second thoughts they wisely decided not to go any further with the deal.

Selling "units" in share pools for dog race betting is another ramp which Fellows apparently finds very profitable.

I know of clients who have lost £600 in a few months in one of his schemes.

Shun him like the plague. That is my advice.

Peaceful Pym

RECENTLY a reader replying to an advertisement for a secretary, capable organiser with Church connections preferred, found he was expected to sell sixpenny tickets for a film show.

True, those who bought tickets were also to form branches of the Peace Film Society.

But the sole remuneration of the secretary and capable organiser was to be 30 per cent. of the ticket-money!

The man behind it all is Mr. Moss Pym.

He is apparently a film producer, but his career seems to have been a dismal trail of vanishing concerns.

He was prominently associated with Small Tone Films, Ltd.—gone; Moss Pym, Ltd.—gone; Popular Film Enterprises, Ltd.—registered in 1936, with nominal capital of £1,100, but latest return in March shows paid-up capital is exactly £3.

I know of people who were approached to invest money in the two earlier companies in return for employment—the old game—and others were asked to buy a part share in Moss Pym, Ltd.

Probably many people bought tickets in connection with this latest venture, the Peace Film Society.

They were for an exhibition in the Caxton Hall. It has been twice postponed.

Pym's present address is in Green Street, London, W.C.2.

He may have peace films, but I advise anyone who wants real peace to give him a wide berth.

Night Charity that Leaves You in Dark

"TILL THE NIGHT PASSES" is the fanciful name of a strange charity which has its headquarters in Blackett Road, Exeter.

Its founder and controller is a Mr. G. H. Russell, slimly built, with a shock of hair and scrubby moustache.

He claims to be a musical director by profession and a philanthropist at heart.

I have a few words to say about his philanthropy, for there are aspects of it that fill me with doubt.

His hostel in Blackett Road is for tramps. Russell's idea is to give them supper, bed, breakfast and a packet of cigarettes on production of an unemployment card.

His collectors are covering Cornwall and Devon, asking at doors for donations, and there is also a collecting branch in Cardiff. Circulars, too, are sent out appealing for funds and cast-off clothes.

Collectors are paid from 30 per cent. to 50 per cent. of their takings.

But who benefits by these collections? That is what I want to know.

Mr. Russell claims that, since he opened his hostel last July, 445 beds and 1,000 meals have been provided for down-and-outs.

Yet, so far, no balance-sheet has been issued. But an interesting admission has been made by Russell that he is the "Till the Night Passes" Society.

He himself finds no difficulty in passing the night. He seems to have a remarkably good time.

* * *

Once he persuaded two members of a dance band to accompany him to an all-night café, and offered them jobs in a band at Bournemouth.

Recently, when questioned by the Chief Constable of Exeter about his antecedents, he said he had worked in a dance band at Bournemouth.

In the circumstances, and failing any properly audited balance-sheet by Russell's charity, it would appear that donations to it are whittled down before the poor get their share.

Many, many nights, indeed, will have to pass, and many, many questions be answered before I hand Mr. Russell even a farthing.

ALDERMAN URIAS RICHARDS, of Cilgeran, Carmarthenshire, recently refused, as a magistrate, to certify an old man as insane.

He was convinced the man could be perfectly well cared for at home, or in a public assistance institution.

If other J.P.s would take the same attitude there would soon be an end to a grave scandal which has aroused much indignation in South Wales.

Many old people have been certified and sent to end their days in mental institutions because workhouse officials do not want the trouble of looking after them.

It is an inexcusable practice. Apart from the distress suffered by the old folks, they are often taken long distances from their homes and friends.

The controlling authorities of all officials and doctors concerned must take drastic action.

Share Shark is Busy

GEORGE H. ELLIOTT, of Basinghall Street, London, E.C., is a gentleman I would prefer to avoid.

A proposition with which he has been closely concerned recently is one of the most reprehensible I have come across for a long time.

Elliott approached an Ilford man, whom he had known previously, in October last year and talked to him about a finance company he was about to form.

* * *

Its title was to be "The Instalment Securities Trust," and the idea sounded alluring. It was to buy shares for clients on the instalment basis.

Lots of money could be made out of the scheme, the Ilford man was told. An amazing document was put before him which showed estimated profits of tens of thousands of pounds.

* * *

Impressive as they might have looked on paper, they were based on impossible proviso, forgetting brokers' fees, and assuming a large clientele with money.

Altogether compiled to deceive.

The Ilford man parted with a substantial sum, and, upon glowing accounts of the progress supposedly made by the Trust, paid further sums.

He was led to believe that these were to defray expenses in "interesting" certain important financiers who were coming in on the ground floor.

One such statement was that Lord Horne, a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, was joining the board of directors.

Finally, Elliott promised a "big cheque" last Christmas which has so far failed to materialise.

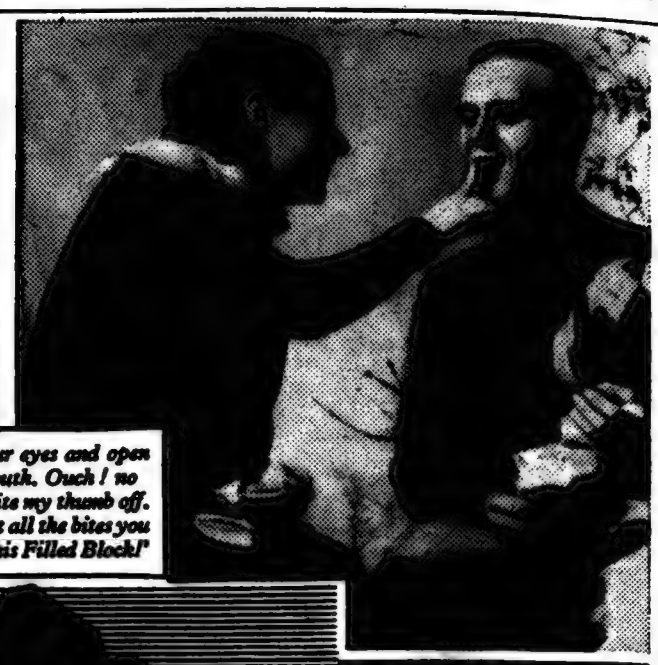
And to this day the pretentious "Instalment Securities Trust" has not been registered.

* * *

Letters to Elliott at Basinghall Street, and to his private address at Finsbury Park, North London, have been returned "gone away."

I hope the authorities may see fit to enquire fully into this flagrant case without delay.

THEY'VE JOINED THE 'MORE BITES FOR 2d' LEAGUE



'Shut your eyes and open your mouth. Ouch! no need to bite my thumb off. You'll get all the bites you want in this Filled Block!'

New way of buying chocolates gives you more for your money—and all favourite soft-centres too!

EVERYONE'S joining the 'more bites for 2d.' league. It means you buy your chocolates in a new way, that gives you the biggest value ever offered. Here's how you go about it. *Just buy chocolates in the form of Cadburys Filled Blocks.* Simple enough, eh? And there are *three* big advantages. *One,* you need only spend 2d. *Two,* you choose your own pet soft-centre. *Three,* you get amazing value. There are eight sections in Cadburys Filled Blocks—that's eight delicious soft-centre chocolates for only 2d. Or, put another way, 2 full oz. for 2d.—only 4d. a quarter pound!

Whatever your favourite soft-centre is you'll find it in the delightful Filled Block range. Take your choice from Marzipan, Caramello—ask to see the whole thirteen 'flavour-favourites.' They are making more mouths water every day, and they are much too good to go on missing.

Turkish Delight, Milk Coffee Truffle and nearly every other favourite flavour — in all a 'lucky thirteen' to choose from.

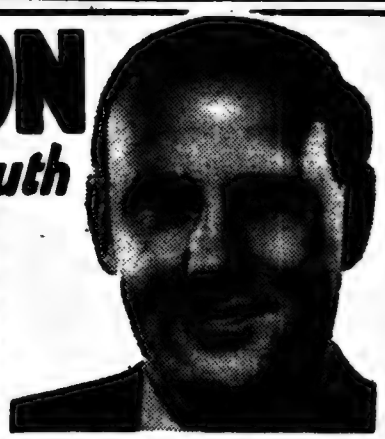
MORE BITES FOR 2d

In each 2d. Filled Block you get 8 delicious soft-centre chocolates. Where else will you get such wonderful value?

2oz 2D

CADBURY FILLED BLOCKS

DIGESTION ..starts in the mouth



The food you eat may be divided into three classes. carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets, which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth, help to digest bread, pastry and potatoes before they reach the stomach. Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets are famous the world over for relieving indigestion, heartburn, acidity and all stomach troubles. You can eat Moorlands like sweets any time of the day.

IMPORTANT.

Moorland Tablets contain 15 ingredients, all necessary to relieve indigestion at once and gradually remove its cause. These ingredients are essential in everyday diet. Many present-day factory-produced foods are deprived of their natural salts, while the valuable salts of calcium in vegetables are boiled away. Moorland Tablets contain calcium and other essentials to good health. Moorland Tablets bring the system back to good health—appetite returns, over-acidity disappears.

READ THESE AMAZING TRIBUTES TO MOORLAND TABLETS . . .
selected at random from many hundreds of unsolicited testimonials.

"CAN NOW EAT WITHOUT PAIN"

I feel I must write and tell you the good I have derived since taking your Moorland Tablets. They have given me more relief than any other indigestion remedy I have tried. The first box acted like magic—I found that I could eat practically anything without suffering the slightest discomfort afterwards. Eating, now, has become a real pleasure.—E. C. C. (Cardiff).

"MADE ME A NEW MAN"

Moorland Tablets have worked wonders with my terrible suffering. I was off my food and short of breath. After taking Moorlands I can eat anything and am now feeling a new man. Moorland Indigestion Tablets have done me more good than any other medicine.—J. C (Grimsby).

Take two MOORLAND Tablets any time and eat what you like

MOORLAND BRAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

At all Chemists: 7½d. in cardboard cartons (50 tablets) 1/3 flat pocket tins (110 tablets)

FREE *Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin and Diet Chart to:*

No proprietary rights claimed.

W. B. CARTWRIGHT, LTD. (Dept. J. B.), Rawdon, LEEDS

Sole

Teach children this simple rule: "Inner Cleanliness for Health and Andrews for Inner Cleanliness." Andrews is so gentle, so safe and so inexpensive. This sparkling tonic laxative regulates the bowels, settles the stomach and keeps the liver and kidneys working healthily. Headaches, biliousness, "tummy" upsets, and other minor ills vanish. Children are no longer dull, peevish, "peaky." Complete Inner Cleanliness has removed impurities, cooled the blood and left them bright, alert and vigorous. Buy the children their own tin of Andrews Liver Salt to-day and teach them to take it regularly. 9d. and 1/4d. (double quantity).

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS

THE REFRESHING TONIC LAXATIVE

Buy a tin for yourself and one for the children

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED. Proprietors of "John Bull."

SEVEN GHOSTS on the SHELF

IN a few short weeks the Mother of Parliaments will be packing for her summer holidays.

Our lawgivers will begin to think of work again when the rest of us are thinking about Christmas.

Time, then, to sum up.

In the record of a session black with muddle and betrayal of every national and political tradition there is one page which stands out murkier than the rest.

It is not the page which tells of the things the Government *has* done with the help of a dumb and complaisant majority. It is the page which tells of the things it has failed to do.

Valuable legislation on a score of different subjects has been planned and slaved over by a host of Commissions and Committees, only to be dumped into the dusty graveyard of Ministerial pigeon-holes.

Here are seven of the Government's sins of omission. No doubt it hopes they will be decently forgotten, perhaps for ever. But we are not forgetting.

★

FIRST, THE ELECTRICITY BILL—once the subject of one of JOHN BULL'S biggest campaigns—it was to end the chaos of the country's supply systems, to stop the pillage and exploitation of the public by hundreds of entrenched private "distributors."

After our campaign the McGowan Committee was appointed. It laboured for nearly a year and then produced a masterly Report with sweeping recommendations for a clean-up of the supply services; a plan for cheap and ample electricity for everybody.

The Government swallowed the Report. It had to do so.

A Bill was framed and passed through the machinery of debate. But the "backstairs" machinery was also busy.

And in the end it won.

In spite of pledges and promises the dead weight of millions of pounds' worth of vested interests have been powerful enough to push the Bill into a pigeon-hole.

Out came the same old excuse.

More information is required. Some time perhaps there will be another Committee or Enquiry.

SECOND, THE "SHAREPUSHING" BILL—a subject which might seem less important perhaps, but yet is serious enough.

Every year "sharepushers" collect an average of £5,000,000 out of the pockets of the people.

There was a Committee appointed in November, 1936, under the Chairmanship of Sir Archibald Bodkin, late Public Prosecutor, to investigate the matter.

Our own Chief Commissioner, Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, gave evidence before that Committee.

It reported in September, 1937, recommending registration of all share dealers, powers for search warrants, bank account examination of "suspects," an overhaul of companies' registration under the Friendly Societies Act.

An Act was framed. Doom for the "bucket' shop."

It was promised in the last King's Speech as part of the present session's programme. Where is it?

In the pigeon-holes at the Board of Trade. And there, apparently, it is to stay.

In spite of the King's Speech pledge the "Sharepushing Bill" is "out."

City influences have pleaded that some of the provisions of the Bill will hamper them in ordinary business.

And the excuse for dropping it is (a) lack of time, and (b) "the police have now increased their efforts."

★

THIRD, THE "BOGUS CLUBS" BILL—promised in the last two King's Speeches and personally pledged to the House by the last two Home Secretaries.

Bogus clubs continue to flourish like fungus in every big town and city in Britain.

Fill in a form, get twenty-five members, print a book of rules and pay a 5s. fee to the Clerk to the Magistrates and registration cannot be refused.

Anybody is free to open a "club" in this way. Free to start a drinking den, a breeding haunt of crime and vice.

Two hundred and ninety-five of these clubs were opened last year in London. Two hundred and forty-four closed or "struck off."

The Bill was framed to end this evil farce. to give police more powers and end the easy registration system.

But the Bill is "dead" for this session—which means, presumably, for all sessions.

★

FOURTH, THE "HOLIDAYS-WITH-PAY" BILL.—One of the best pieces of public work ever performed was the Amulree Report unanimously recommending a minimum of a week's holiday with pay for the 10,000,000 wage-earners who have never had it.

Compulsory holidays with pay. There was the snag. The Government promised "sympathetic consideration."

The Bill drafters got to work. That was good election capital.

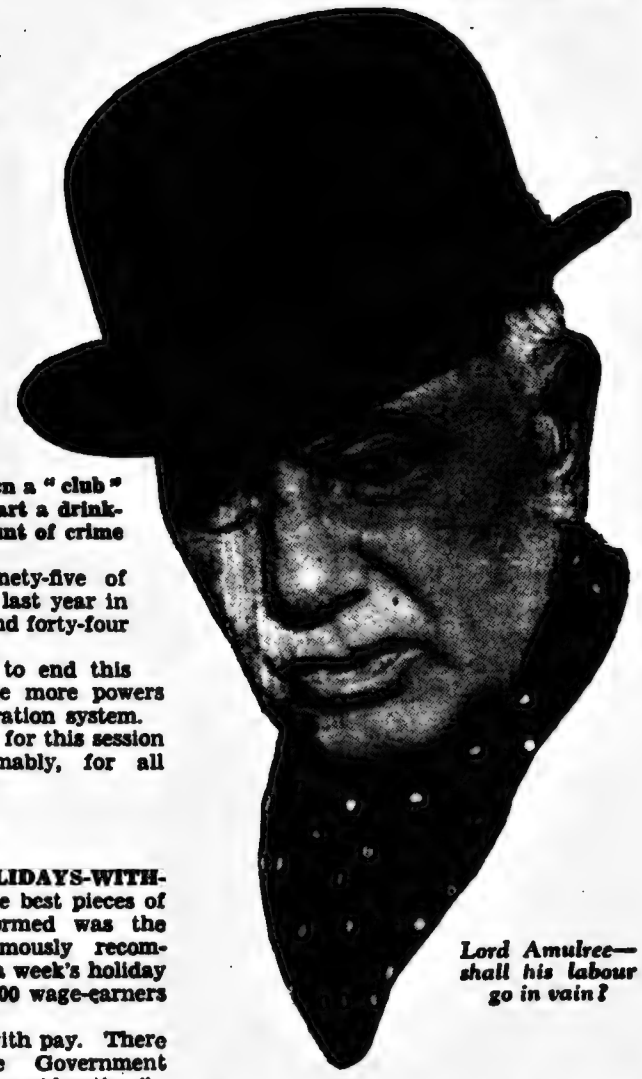
But other people have also got to work. The textile industry, for instance, which is not unrepresented at Westminster.

So now there are a host of "reasons"—the position of the "partially employed" man, the "dislocation of industry," which will put the Holidays-with-Pay Bill into a pigeon-hole for at least three years. There is talk now of another Enquiry.

★

FIFTH, THE PRISON REFORM BILL.—Last year Sir Samuel Hoare started his new job at the Home Office by "carpet-bagging" his way round the prisons and Borstal Institutions.

He came back with plenty in the bag.



Lord Amulree—shall his labour go in vain?

For a long time the House and the country heard about little else than his new Penal Reform Bill.

The "inhuman" prison system was to be stopped.

Different types of prison for different types of crime—not all herded together. Remissions and privileges for good conduct and the building up again of self-respect. "Observation centres" instead of Borstals for young prisoners. Lodgings instead of institutions for probationers. Attempts at psychological reform.

All good things. But where is the Bill now? Forgotten in some room at the Home Office.

★

SIXTH AND SEVENTH are what we might call the "half-and-halfers."

The new Factories Bill, for instance.

We have waited twenty years for it and it comes out in July.

But none of its original sponsors would recognise their hopes in this feeble effort.

An entire industry—the agricultural industry—is left out of it.

Children, thanks to Lords' amendments, will be allowed to work in factories.

And the Coal Mines Bill. Some time it will become law.

But Part II of the Bill, dealing with royalties compensation, is as good as doomed. The 3,000 Royalty owners want £150 millions compensation. The Government through arbitrators have offered £66,450,000.

To-day, with persons of such political power as Lords Lothian, Hastings, Londonderry, Dudley, the Duke of Northumberland and the Marquess of Bute, and backed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the State purchase of royalties has been put forward to 1942.

And other kites of doom are flying.

Government spokesmen are pleading that "unification of royalties will be difficult because of the many diversified interests which exist often in a single coalfield."

Which means, in simple language, "We daren't do it, we can't do it, we won't do it."

Seven deadly sins of omission—seven "Ghosts on the Shelf."

Fortunes End in Smoke

ALMOST any day just now along the coast you can hear the far-off boom of heavy gun-fire.

It comes from the ships of the Royal Navy at gun practice.

Have you ever considered what it costs to make safe from invasion our long and vulnerable coastline?

* * *

MOSTLY, people think of the capital outlay for the building of all classes of naval craft.

Less often they think of what it costs us to keep this colossal instrument of offence and defence in working order.

Take gunnery as a typical item of normal naval expenditure.

A fifteen-inch gun weighs 91 tons, fires a projectile weighing 1,675 lb. at a velocity of 3,084 feet per second.

This power is equivalent to raising 11,000 tons ten feet in the air.

When a big gun has fired 280 rounds it is finished. That number of rounds is its "life."

Every year the guns of the *Hood* blow away £40,000 worth of projectiles.

Every round fired in battle practice shortens the life of each gun by one two-hundredth part.

Given a long period of peace, and these guns must be renewed before ever they have fired in action.

* * *

BEFORE the *Hood* can indulge in gun practice she must put to sea where she can pepper the towed target without endangering life.

And directly she slides out of harbour she begins to cost us money.

The *Hood* is an oil-burner, and every year her giant engines eat up in oil alone £120,000.

Everything is done by oil on this ship—except the baking of her company's daily bread!

How many make up that company? No fewer than 1,400 of all ranks. And the pay-roll? No less than £203,000 a year.

* * *

On shore folk get their pay and buy with it the wherewithal of life. What we pay the officers and men of the Senior Service is over and above living.

It costs £2,567,500 to feed the men of the Navy for a year.

Men need more than bunks and rations. They ned medical supplies, which add another £7,000 to our mounting bill. Again, men grow old, and those in the service of the State become pensionable.

The pension roll of a ship of the *Hood* class costs the taxpayer £50,000 a year. Ships, like men, wear out.

A battleship dies every time science takes a big forward stride in invention.

Even while she is in her prime a big ship demands constant attention. Docking for repairs is part of her normal existence.

The *Hood* has an annual repairs bill of no less than £60,000.

Add up the running costs of the *Hood* and you have a total of £600,000 every year she is in commission.

Even destroyers, comparatively insignificant craft, cost £50,000 a year to keep in commission. And submarines rather more than half that sum.

* * *

FROM beyond the horizon comes a low, ominous boom. Just one more whistling projectile has left the steel mouth of a big gun.

A squadron of the Fleet is at battle practice.

Fortunes are going up in smoke.

SCANDAL of the MISSING BED

● Only six hospital beds for every thousand people;
Fifty thousand sufferers waiting, waiting for their turn to occupy those beds.
Again and again they are told to "Come back to-morrow," or that "You will be informed when there is room for you."
That is the great problem, the great scandal of Britain's hospital system to-day.

Fighting for a life—many live in torture because they must wait weeks, months, before they reach the operating table

AT the moment this article is being written a scheme is going ahead through King Edward VII's Hospital Fund to make the voluntary hospitals in London work more swiftly and more smoothly.

London doctors will now be able to find out, from a central office, just where cases urgently needing treatment can be received.

The endless worry and trouble of ringing up one hospital after another to find an empty bed is going to be cut out.

So, at last, hospitals are beginning to work along the right lines.

Unfortunately, this plan, excellent as it is, will touch only the edge of a great problem.

It covers a thirtieth part of the voluntary hospitals in the country, and less than a thirtieth part of the patients who are earnestly pleading to get into them.

There are, there must be, under a hospital system that hangs together so loosely as ours, certain instances where an urgent case is not dealt with as speedily as circumstances demand.

That is one of the drawbacks with which we pay for the many advantages like vitality, interest and individual consideration which our system of independent and voluntary hospitals brings us.

50,000 sufferers

It is reassuring to know that in London, at any rate, that drawback is going to be dealt with.

But there is a larger problem still ahead: the problem of a vast quantity of suffering, anxiety and suspense that clamours for our attention.

There are about fifty thousand people in Great Britain at this moment who have been waiting for days, weeks, even for months to be admitted to some hospital; who have been told to come back again in so many days' time, or assured that "they will be informed when there is room for them at the hospital."

So they drag out their days in the meantime, at the best under the torture of prolonged suspense; and at the worst subjected to that pain and suffering, that weakness, insomnia, lack of interest, lack of appetite, lack of all those things that differentiate between life and mere existence, that always go with ill-health.

How much that volume of protracted ill-health is undermining the stamina of the country, to what degree it is cramping the production of our national wealth, and how far the effect of it extends through strain put by the suffering of these fifty thousand upon the hundreds of thousands who come in touch with them, we shall never know.

But the human side of the problem we do know, even if we cannot gauge the extent of it.

We know it from the cries of agony that come to JOHN BULL every week, nearly every day, from all parts of Great Britain.

"I have been waiting thirteen months to go into hospital for an operation," a woman sufferer writes from Belfast.

"But as there are a thousand others waiting as well, my chances of getting in are slight."

"I was examined at the —— hospital on January 5, 1931" (it is a Londoner writing this time), "and it was found I needed a slight operation.

"I was told I should be sent for on a Friday, so every week-end I made arrangements for my husband and little girl to be looked after while I was away.

"But after three months I decided we had better go and see if they had forgotten.

"So my husband enquired, and was told that I should be hearing from —— hospital (another institution), as I should have to go there, and would have to wait my turn.

"I have heard nothing further. I imagine the waiting list there must be a long one," she ends.

The list is a long one. There are 308 names on it.

This complaint comes from Glasgow:

"I had been notified to go into hospital recently, but had to wait fifteen months to go up for my operation.

"Then I had to wait from one o'clock to five o'clock, only to be told that I would have to come back the next day."

The doctor in this case "seemed surprised I had been waiting so long."

It is not only patients waiting for admission who are compelled, as things are now, to perform wearisome journeys to and from a hospital day after day before their cases can be dealt with. A Lancashire man tells this story:

"Thursday afternoon here is Doctor's day for babies, 2 till 5.

"Last Thursday my wife got there at 1.50 and just managed to find a chair.

Stood two hours

"She left at five o'clock at the same time as the doctor, but without having been able to see him. So she waited three hours for nothing, but she did get a chair.

"A lot of women stood up for two hours and more without seeing him. That happens every Thursday, but on a wet day my wife stands a better chance; not so many turn up."

Rather pathetically he ended his story. "But it's been fine for a lot of Thursdays now."

As a Nottingham man puts it in his letter:

"I am always meeting people who are suffering agonies owing to lack of accommodation at hospitals, and their expectations of complete cure are very often minimised by the period they have to wait for admittance."

Subjected as they are to such overwhelming pressure from their immediate neighbourhood, many hospitals find themselves forced to decline to attend to patients who come from beyond it.

Inevitably, cases are occurring like this one, which just happened in a North Country town, and which can best be told in the words of the man who reported it:

"A friend of mine fell off a ladder and broke his wrist. His doctor gave him a note to attend the general hospital.

"After examining him they asked for his name and address and, finding he lived two miles from the city boundary, they would have nothing more to do with him, telling him he would have to attend the hospital in his own borough, which meant delay and increased pain."

Patients do not always understand how vital it is to be at the hospital at the exact time arranged.

But it is part of the same system of overcrowding that often makes it impossible to give any latitude to a patient even if the delay is not the patient's fault.

This is what happened in London a few days ago:—

"My wife has been in great pain

AL
SING
ED!

"HOSPITAL FULL" — As the nurse writes these words on the blackboard at the main entrance, hundreds of sufferers see their hopes of health fading.

But after attending a hospital for four hours she was told to come back again next day.

"Owing to the dislocation of traffic in the rush hour, she was about half an hour late."

The upshot of this was that they could not see her, and the same wearisome waiting began again.

Secretaries of those hospitals JOHN BULL asked about the problem admitted how serious it was, and agreed that it was getting more serious every day.

When we told one of them of the case of the patient who had been waiting for treatment for six years to get into one hospital, he said, "I have known that happen here, too."

It happens in too many cases.

Mother-to-be

Real advance to betterment of the maternity services is held up at the point where success should be achieved—the lying-in hospital.

The inability of these institutions to cope with the demand is heartbreaking.

Hear the cry of a woman of twenty-four who was married at the beginning of this year. She lives at Potters Bar, Middlesex.

Her baby is due to be born in about five months.

"Oh! how happy my husband and I were," she writes to JOHN BULL, "when I was able to tell him of the blessing that was to come.

"But now we await it with trepidation, almost with dismay.

"I thought five months would be ample time to make application for admission to a maternity hospital.

"When I went to enter my name at one of the largest and most famous of these places, however, I was told there was no possible hope of accommodation.

"The almoner was genuinely sorry. I asked if I could approach other hospitals. She said it would be waste of time unless my case became urgent and complicated.

"So I will have to bear my first baby at home. I live among strangers, and my husband is away daily from 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. His wages are only 45s., and I shall not be able to pay for a nurse or anyone to cook and attend me and the child.

"I read that the Ministry of Health states that much of the trouble of expectant mothers is due to unnecessary worry.

"Am I and so many others to be blamed for anxiety at the prospect of our babies being brought into the world possibly by chance and by unskilled hands?"

There was a remarkable example of the same state of things last week when the report of the National Hospital for Rheumatic Diseases at Bath showed how 300 women applicants had to be refused in 1937.

Naturally, the problem is partly one of accommodation. To that extent it will only solve itself as the number of available beds and hospital staffs increases.

At the present moment the accommodation in voluntary hospitals is growing at the rate of between 1,500 and 2,000 beds every year.

But it is not entirely a matter of accommodation. It may be so in every individual case where an applicant has to wait at a given hospital.

Yet, if we were to take the number of hospital beds and the number of hospital staffs all over the country and equate them with the number of people who are at present waiting for admission, or treatment, we should not find the demand was, after all, so very much in excess of the available supply.

There are 1,072 voluntary hospitals in Great Britain, mustering a total of 88,063 beds. That is, roughly, two beds in these hospitals for every thousand inhabitants.

There are also some 800 county hospitals supported out of the rates which have about 140,000 beds, so that there are altogether about six hospital beds for every thousand people.

This quantity is, on the face of it, not excessive, but not glaringly insufficient.

Half-empty

It allows a hospital bed for one person in 166, and if you look through the number of your own acquaintances, who are probably a fair cross-section of the country, you will probably find that about one in 166 is likely to be ill at one time.

Illness is spread fairly evenly all over the country. But hospitals are not.

The Council hospitals generally bear some relationship to the distribution of population.

But it is to the voluntary hospitals that most sufferers turn first, and the voluntary hospitals are set up wherever the whim of a pious founder or an ancient trust may have directed at any time in the past 800 years.

Thus, while one hospital may have a patient waiting for every bed—this was the case at one of the large London hospitals visited a few days ago—another one may be half empty.

There is little or no co-operation between the two by which a patient on a waiting list can be told where he is likely to find accommodation.

Hospitals accustomed to a tradition of rivalry in everything from Rugby football to appeals for funds, a rivalry very often healthy enough in itself, have not been too willing to think of themselves as parts of a national system of health which could function most profitably by working in co-operation.

That the voluntary hospitals of this country should continue to be what a recent official document called "Units working in isolation or in competition with one another" has many advantages of which any unified control, and especially a system of State control, would deprive us.

Individual foundations which may be rich in century-old tradition, which command the loyalty of generations of doctors, nurses and students, and rely on the personal generosity and keen interest of generous men and women of all creeds, classes and politics, as well as on the local patriotism of the neighbourhood in which they are situated, can provide keenness and a personal touch which more uniform institutions would lack.

Co-ordination

But there is no need for that individualism to persist at the cost of long and largely unnecessary waiting lists of patients for whom life is often limping to a standstill.

At present, the only way a patient has of getting in touch with a hospital that has room to take him is through a persevering doctor prepared to ring up all of them in turn until he finds one.

The new co-ordination in London, which King Edward's Hospital Fund is bringing about this week, is extremely limited.

Doctors will certainly be able to find information at a Central Office about the places that hospitals have free.

But this only applies to urgent cases, and it only extends to London. It does not even cover the whole of London, since 41 hospitals maintained from public funds as opposed to voluntary contributions are still excluded from its scope.

So, although it goes in the right direction, it does not go nearly far enough.

If energy is not to be wasted, if time and money are to be spared for those who have not too much of either to spend, if suffering, anxiety and suspense are to be cut out of our life like a malignant growth, we must have a King Edward VII Hospital Fund Centre, or something like it, in every area of the kingdom.

Each city should have its own. Every county should have its own.

Weary Waits

They should include every kind of hospital that functions in that area. They should enable any doctor to tell his patients not only where they should go, but where they can be certain of being received.

Our friend in Belfast could then be spared those thirteen months of waiting among a thousand others, even if it were at the cost of a journey to, say, Londonderry.

Our London correspondents could have the choice of 159 voluntary and 41 public hospitals to shorten that weary wait of years.

How does the fugitive feel as the police net closes in? Read this series of famous man-hunts

No. 1 SAMUEL FURNACE

OUTLAWS on the RUN!

by Stanley Bishop

"WHY don't you buy papers of your own?"

The tall, lumpy-shouldered man with thrusting jaw and large hands, who sat in the corner of the saloon bar with three evening newspapers and a glass of ginger ale, barked out that surly answer to a civil question.

Then he gathered his papers and stalked out, keeping his head down and his soft grey felt hat well over his face.

He limped a little on his left leg as he walked.

"If he isn't a jumpy piece of work!" said the barmaid, scornfully.

"I wonder what's bitten him?"

"He's got the 'jitters'—that's what it is," said a customer.

After which the group forgot the unpleasant incident of the surly stranger.

For the regulars in that public-house on the north side of Regent's Park had something much more interesting to think about.

"George," the barmaid's friend, had come from Camden Town, full of excitement.

He had told of a mystery fire in a builder's yard in Hawley Crescent, and of a body taken from the ruins of a shed.

"Reporters and photographers are all over the place," said George; "and I saw four police cars.

"A pal told me that the dead man was Furnace the builder.

"It seems a proper mystery, for all the people about were saying he was shot dead before the fire, and left a suicide note."

It was then that the barmaid had turned to the stranger in the corner, and asked if there was anything about the fire in his newspapers.

Yet if those people in the public-house had known the truth they would have understood the stranger's nerves.

For he was Samuel James Furnace, the builder who was supposed to have died in the fire.

How carefully he had planned, hoping that the well-laid fire would destroy the body and disguise the real cause of death.

But already the plan was awry. The police knew that the dead man had been shot.

SOON they would discover that the body was that of Walter Spatchett, the rent collector, with whose money he had planned to start life anew.

So when Furnace left the public-house to return to lodgings in Princess Road, Regent's Park, he walked in the shadows and lurked at the corners to see if he was being followed.

The new name he had chosen when taking lodgings after the murder was "Raymond Rogers."

In everything he did before the sight of other people he must be "Raymond Rogers."

That night he spent in a barricaded bedroom, with a chair wedged beneath the door-lock; spent it pacing up and down and—thinking.

Early next day he was out again, buying more newspapers.

That morning the papers brought realisation of his worst fears. The early identification of the dead man as Samuel James Furnace was disproved, and the body was without doubt that of Walter Spatchett.

The police were looking for Furnace.

Staring at him from the newspaper pages was his own photograph.

In an official description it was stated that Furnace had a missing front upper tooth and war wounds in his left leg and both arms

The whole police machine of the country had been set to track him down.

Obviously, he could not stay any longer in Princess Road.

Where he went did not matter much—anywhere away from London would do. Best place, he thought, would be a big seaside town, where the coming and going of lodgers was just business.

"Rogers" told his landlady he was going to spend a day with a brother who lived near London. Then he made for Fenchurch Street Station, with Southend-on-Sea in his mind.

On the Underground Rogers could not help noticing that nearly every person was reading about Samuel Furnace and the body in the builder's shed.

Suppose some fellow-passenger recognised him?

Someone would get up and shout "That's Samuel Furnace!"

Yet in Underground railways at business times no one takes the slightest notice of a fellow. Curious—and comforting—that people were so unobservant.

BUT "Rogers" was not unobservant. He watched the whole carriage from behind his newspaper.

Fenchurch Street at last, and the train for Southend. On the journey he had an idea, and when he reached his destination he went to a kiosk and bought six packets of chewing-gum.

Chewing-gum, if one is careful, can be used to stop a gap between teeth. That missing tooth of his was an unmistakable give-away.

Thoughts and fears seethed in his brain. Another point which occurred to him was to safeguard his disappearance from the Princess Road lodgings and prevent the landlady worrying over a missing lodger.

He sent her a telegram:

"Brother ill, relet room, returning Monday.—Rogers."

That should keep the woman quiet. He had paid rent in advance, so she had no cause for complaint.

Easy to pick rooms at Southend, where most of the small houses had "Apartments" cards in the windows.

Well, the place he had chosen seemed good and comfortable. Refuge for a day or two at least.

Wait a minute. . . . What was that coming from a wireless loudspeaker? He could overhear it in his room—not clearly, but just enough to pick out words here and there:

"Before the news there is a police message. We are asked . . . regarding Samuel Furnace . . . may now be wearing . . . dark-brown leather kit-bag. . ."

IF only the wireless had been clearer. Even with the door of his room open he could only hear snatches.

Dreadful not to know what the police were circulating in a nation-wide broadcast. Only thing was to wait for the newspapers next morning.

Chief news of the crime the following day: Samuel Furnace believed to be in Southend-on-Sea.

Apparently his London landlady had told the police that she thought Furnace was her missing lodger and had shown them the telegram from Southend.

Detectives searching the room had found evidence that the lodger was Furnace.

He had left a bag of working tools behind.

Of course, a man who is hunted, who fears every step and sound, cannot help but make mistakes.

First mistake—leaving anything behind in the London lodgings. Second mistake—that telegram.

Furnace was in Southend. Stations, roads, everywhere would be watched.

"Raymond Rogers" argued with himself: "Even if I tried I could not get out of this place. I should be stopped, questioned.

"The police might notice the piece of gum which covers my blank tooth space and the slight limp of my left leg.

"Better to move from these lodgings. People in the house are beginning to look at me."

So Rogers moved to what he hoped was another haven in Whitegate Road, Southend.

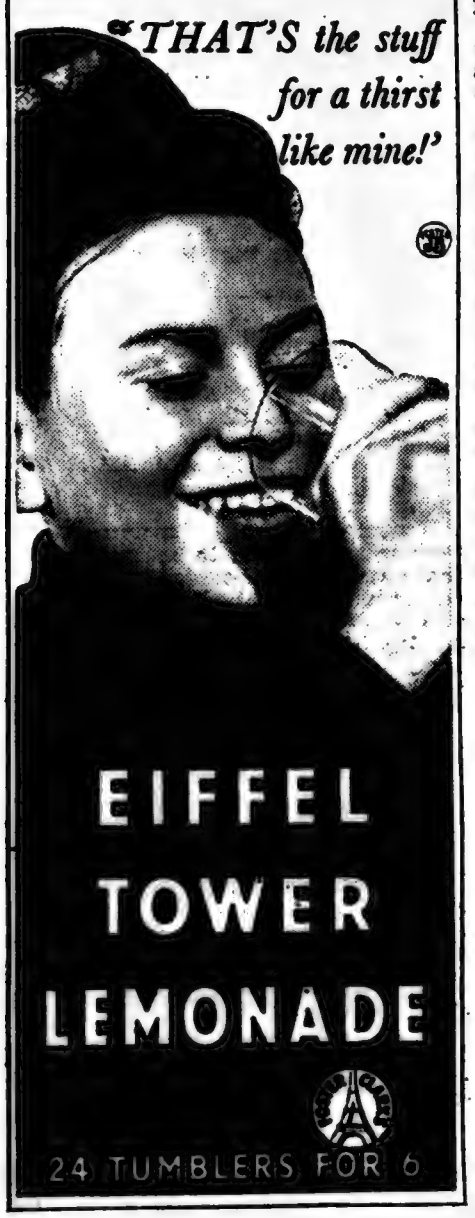
His room faced the street. By standing to one side behind the window curtain he could watch passers-by without being seen himself.

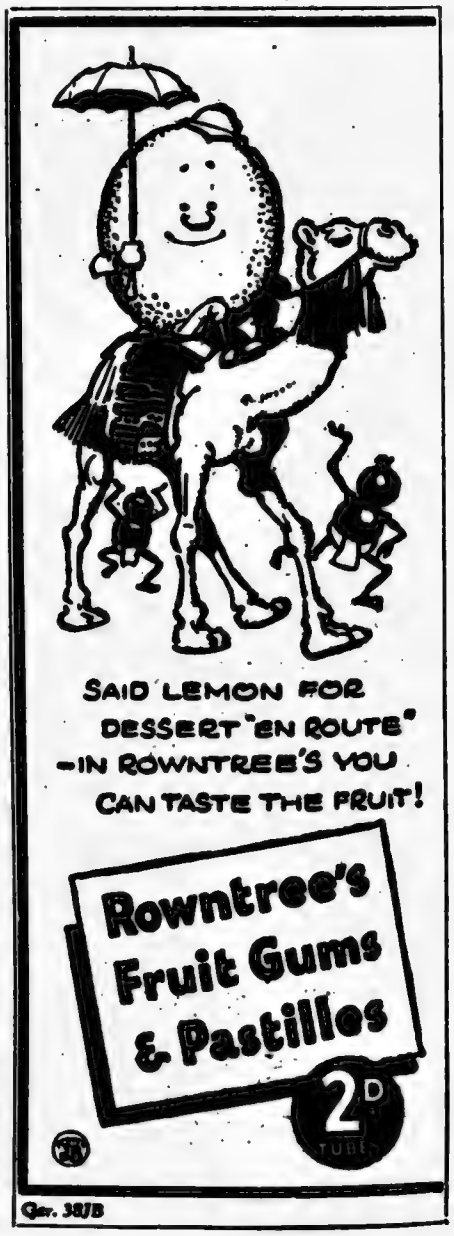
With the change of lodgings "Rogers" became "Mr. H. Farmer," a Londoner recuperating in Southend after severe influenza.

As a convalescent "Mr. Farmer" could stay in his room.

Each day the landlady brought the newspapers. More photographs of

(*Continued on page 24*)



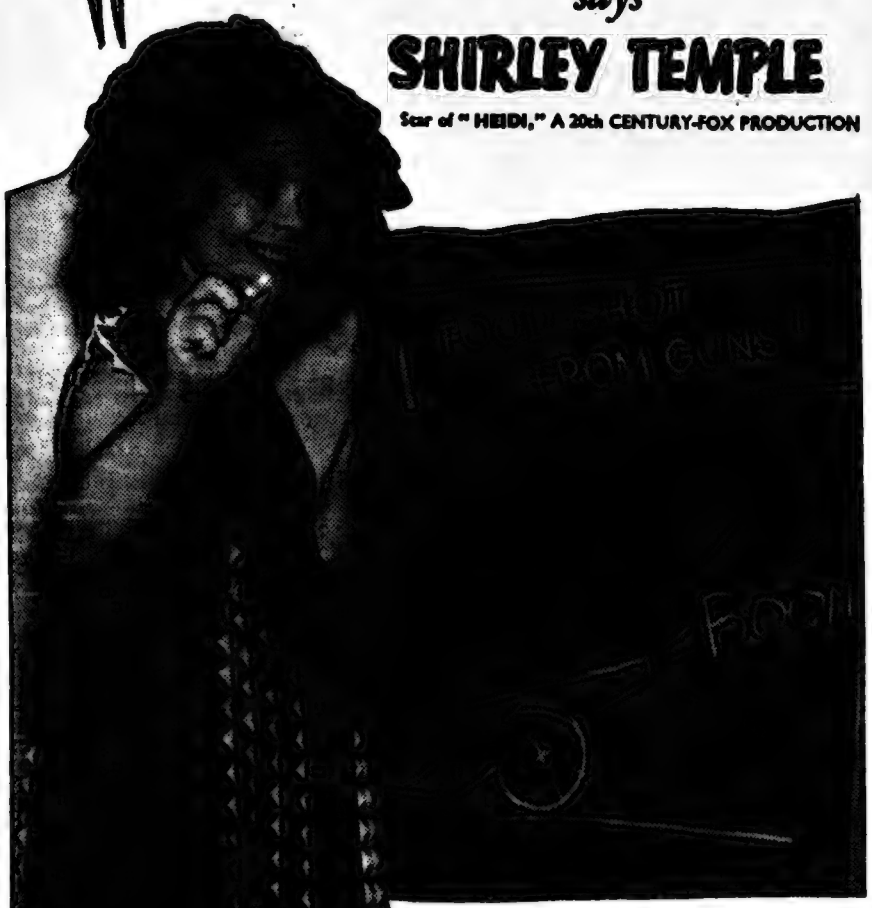


That's how my delicious "PUFFED" WHEAT is made

says

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Star of "HEIDI," A 20th CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION



Shirley Temple could tell you an exciting story about delicious crunchy "Puffed" Wheat, the cereal that she and thousands of wide-awake boys and girls love best of all. "Puffed" Wheat is unlike any other cereal in taste, appearance and texture. They're crisp, refreshing grains that fairly melt in your mouth.

Shot from Guns

"Puffed" Wheat is actually shot from guns. Sun-ripened grains of wheat are loaded into the big guns in the Quaker plant dozens of times a day.

Then the guns are fired. And the nourishing grains are exploded to eight times their normal size. Now they're changed like magic into plump, crisp, golden grains of goodness.

Each tiny hard-to-digest food cell has been unlocked, made specially easy to digest, so that you get all its food energy quickly and easily.

That's one big difference between "Puffed" Wheat and ordinary cereals. Another is its delightful nut-like flavour that thousands enjoy as much as Shirley.

Ready-to-eat straight from the packet.

SOLD ONLY IN PACKETS LIKE THIS

PUFFED WHEAT

6½d per packet

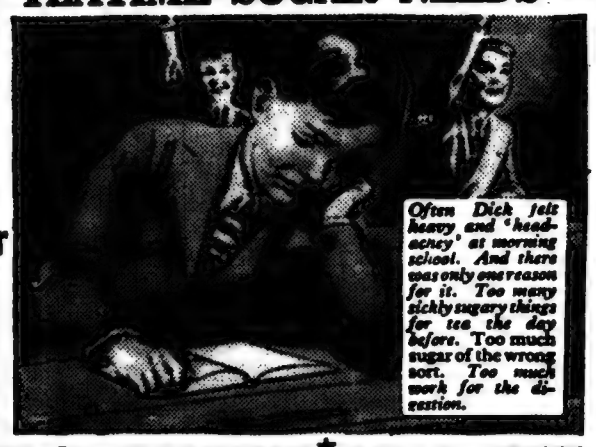
P. 157

CHILDREN'S TEATIME SUGAR NEEDS—

NEW FACTS

Why some teatime sweet things are easier to digest

REAL JAM



Often Dick felt heavy and 'headachey' at morning school. And there was only one reason for it. Too many sickly sugary things for tea the day before. Too much sugar of the wrong sort. *Too much work for the digestion.*

PROVED BEST IN 'INVERTED'* SUGAR TEST

OF course children are hungry for sweet-things at teatime. They need the natural energy of sugar. That is why children like good jam for tea. The sugar in real jam is sugar in its most beneficial and easily digestible form. An eminent dietitian made some interesting tests on jams. It has been shown that an exceptionally high proportion of the sugar in Hartley's jams comes to the table ready 'inverted.'* Whereas in many of the sugary things children have for tea, all the sugar is still 'raw,' difficult to digest, apt to cause biliousness and sulkiness next day!

★ WHY 'INVERTED' SUGAR IS GOOD FOR YOU

'Raw' sugar has to be changed or 'inverted' by the digestion into a form in which the body can use it. In Hartley's real fruit jam much of the sugar is ready-digested, 'inverted' by boiling with the natural juices of fresh fruit. It is therefore quicker to give energy and puts no strain on the digestion.

All the family has Hartley's jam for tea now. They love it and thrive on it. Tea's their favourite meal — and Mother knows how good the 'inverted' sugar of Hartley's is for them.

The reason for supremacy of Hartley's jam is that it is made only from fresh fruit in season, picked and made into jam in one day. No chemical preservatives, no artificial colouring matter. Hartley's is made the home-made way — and no one knows more about making jam than Hartley's.

HARTLEY'S is REAL jam

best for digestion and quick energy

PICC A PICCADILLY

10 for 4D.

15 for 6D.

"Film Favourites" Picture Cards in all packings.

PJ205

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD.
150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

Does your hair feel dry and dead?

DRY SCALP is the cause . . .

Use this

HAIR DRESSING

that ends Dry Scalp

DRY SCALP is the cause of dry hair. If you are not careful it leads to dandruff, falling hair and even baldness.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the hair-dressing specially made to end Dry Scalp. Every morning sprinkle on a few drops, rub in with finger-tips until scalp tingles pleasantly. Then brush your hair.

This hairdressing keeps your hair perfectly in place; *at the same time it does your scalp good all day long.* Soon your hair will be healthier, stronger. You'll *feel* and look smarter.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is a very economical hairdressing. You need only a little. 1/6 and 3/- (3 times as much in larger bottle). Prices not applicable to Eire.

MARVELLOUS FREE OFFER: For a trial bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and a packet of 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo send two penny stamps with your name and address to Dept. J.B.9, Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

The hair dressing that ends DRY SCALP

NEW!

'VASELINE' SOAPLESS SHAMPOO makes your scalp cleaner! (Soap leaves scum on scalp as on side of bath.) Price 4d.

Continuing

Outlaws on the Run!

Samuel Furnace One showed him as he would appear if he had grown a moustache.

"Farmer" had begun to grow a moustache, but that day he was clean-shaven again.

News of the man-hunt filled columns. Apparently the police now believed that Furnace had managed to slip out of Southend.

Reports were printed of his having been seen in Laindon Hills, Essex, and the man-hunt was concentrated in that district.

Often, when pacing his room, "Farmer" did a curious thing.

He went to where his belted overcoat was hanging, and felt along the bottom edge of the coat until his fingers found a round, five-inch-long object.

A GOOD hiding-place—the lining seam of a thick overcoat—for a small thing like a bottle. If a man's clothes were searched by a policeman it might be missed.

"Farmer" had bought the small bottle and its contents from a Southend chemist. He said he wanted the stuff for cleaning a straw mat

A week passed. Then "Farmer" wrote his first letter, to an address in North London, and it ran:

"Dear Charlie,—

"Just a line to you in the hope that I shall be able to see a friend before I end it all.

"I am writing to you because I know they will be watching May (Mrs. Furnace) for a long time.

"I am at Southend, quite near the station, making out I have been ill with 'flu, so have been able to stay in. I am far from well from want of sleep.

"I don't think I have slept one hour since the accident happened. I will tell you all about it when I see you."

Then followed instructions of how "Charlie" was to travel to Southend on the next Sunday:—

"Come out of the station and walk straight across the road and down the road opposite. Walk down on the left-hand side, and I will see you. I am not giving my address in case you are followed."

And the letter ended: "Best of luck. Mine is gone.—H. Farmer."

Little did Furnace know that this letter would lead to his arrest.

Before it was delivered to "Charlie" its contents were known to Scotland Yard.

Under special Home Office authority, the police can in cases of serious crime issue a stop list of addresses to the Postal authorities.

From then onwards all letters to those addresses are opened and examined before delivery. That is what happened to the "Farmer" letter.

Directly the police received a copy of the letter Whitegate Road was kept under day and night observation. A Scotland Yard man disguised as a vagrant street musician was in charge.

Sunday came. About the time that "Charlie's" train from London was due at Southend "Farmer" took his stand behind the window curtains.

He could see nobody in the road except a down-and-out musician playing hymn tunes on a fiddle.

The musician was no doubt a local character. He had been along the road before, playing outside the house.

But there was Charlie at last, walking slowly along the left side, as he had been told.

"Farmer" put a square of white paper against the window pane. Scrawled on the paper was the word "Sam."

Charlie saw it. A minute later the two men were shaking hands in "Farmer's" room.

"Farmer" had a lot to say.

WALTER SPATCHETT had been shot by accident. That was his story, and he was sticking to it.

For an hour the men talked, and then Charlie went to buy cigarettes. At the end of the street he was stopped by detectives.

"Has he got the revolver with him?" they demanded.

"No," said Charlie. "He tells me he threw it in the canal at Camden Town."

A few minutes later the door of "Farmer's" room was opened by the landlady.

Men rushed in, pinned the mysterious lodger to his chair.

The tall, stern-faced man who led the rush stepped back.

"You are Samuel James Furnace?" he said quietly.

Taken back to London, Furnace was put in a cell at Kentish Town police station, charged with the murder of Walter Spatchett.

IT was cold in the stone cell with its steel door, and Furnace trembled and shivered.

Then he knocked on the observation grid to attract the constable outside.

Could he have his overcoat for warmth?

The overcoat was brought. As Furnace slipped it on, his fingers passed along the bottom hem.

It was there! They hadn't found it!

When the guard on the cell was being changed Furnace got his chance.

His fingers slipped into a tiny hole in the overcoat lining, lugged it wider.

Before the constable could get into the cell Furnace had a little bottle to his lips and was drinking.

The constable snatched at it and saw the label "Spirit of Salts."

But it was too late. Furnace was dying. He had cheated the hunt, but only by suicide.

The Human Machine

Self / Control

IT is the habit of Nature to be astoundingly prodigal. To ensure that at least one codfish shall survive, she sees to it that a cod lays hundreds of thousands of eggs.

If every blossom of an apple tree set, the tree would be broken by sheer weight of fruit.

Plants seed to a ridiculous degree. Nature takes no chances. What is needed is there to such an extent that there can be no fear of failure.

It is the same when Nature touches human beings. She is prodigal in her gifts.

The sense of fear is necessary to develop self-protection—but we are so gifted with fear that our imaginations can create evils far worse than reality.

The power to anger, so that we can assert ourselves and defend our rights, is there in such lavish measure that it can spill over at the slightest provocation and make us into thoroughly unreasonable and unreasoning beings.

We have, too, the power to be aware of our thoughts and our feelings; but we have it to such an extent that, unless we watch out, we develop inferiority complexes, moods of intense shyness and self-consciousness, and all the things that tend to hinder and impede action.

Nature's gifts, in fact, are two-edged, and it is just as well to be fully aware of the fact.

If we once know this we can be on our guard against it.

We can control these forces instead of being their helpless victims.

And we should do so because self-control is Nature's best gift to Man—the gift that separates us from the unthinking ape.

Next Week:

The Man with the Tell-tell Voice

RACE WITH "SILVER RING"

Lord Astor's Derby

THERE will not be another opportunity to discuss the Derby in JOHN BULL, so I shall utilise the Code for a final selection.

Looking for one to beat Pasch appears to be pretty hopeless, particularly as Portmarnock was given an "easy" in his preparation.

At the moment, I suggest Cave Man, each way, to turn Lord Astor's luck, though, if there is not rain, the colt may not be started.

Lord Astor was second with Buchan in 1919; with Craig-an-Eran in 1921; with Tamar in 1922, and St. Germans in 1924. It is obviously about time that good Derby fortune smiled upon him.

Cave Man is bred to stay the Derby distance, and, after Sandsprite, who gave backers of Mid-Day Sun an anxious moment last year, anything may happen.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, May 26, to Wednesday, June 1.

K X U Z R 98 96 G E D V B N H J T

S O Y 97 L W F 94 M P Q C I 93 95 A

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: EXPMKAU would read MODESTY. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted: ETLK9398X2P would read MARSHWOOD.

He scowled as he left the TEE

But they'll never scowl at meals when you serve Pan Yan too! Pan Yan is such a delicious appetiser that it makes every meal a triumph. It spices up cold meat, adds just the appetising flavour everyone loves. And it's specially blended to stimulate digestion. After a week or two of Pan Yan with every meal there will be smiles on every face. Good temper starts in the stomach!

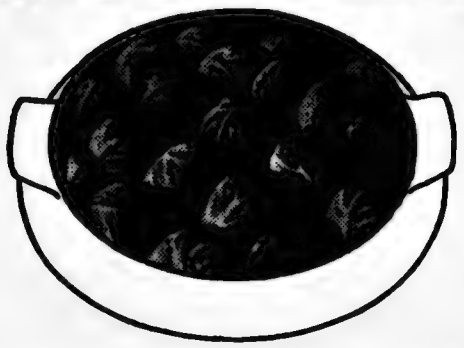
PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

Same kind of vegetables— *but what a contrast!*

Her vegetables used to be soggy and tasteless—then she got *this new book on Cooking Vegetables*...

NOW

they always look and taste deliciously appetising



Foreigners say we serve our vegetables in the same dull way day in day out, with all the taste and goodness cooked out of them—and it *is* rather true, isn't it? We just boil them. Well, here's your chance to get the best out of your vegetables. Send for this FREE booklet by Susan Croft and learn how you can make your vegetables really flavour-full and interesting. The booklet is called "A Lesson in Cooking Vegetables in a new way." It tells you about new and very simple methods of cooking which retain in the vegetables all their natural flavour and nourishment. The whole process of cooking is described, from the first preparing of the raw vegetables to the final serving of them, cooked and delicious, on the table. And it's *Free*! Here's your chance to try something new! Send for the booklet TO-DAY

FREE BOOK SHOWS HOW!

To The Stork Company, Dept. N. 6, Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4

Please send me, free of charge, a copy of "A Lesson in Cooking Vegetables in a new way."

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

Post voucher in unsealed ½d-stamped envelope

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

STORK MARGARINE

SUNSHINE VITAMINS A & D *Gift Coupon with every pound*

JS 181-71-38

Electric cooking is so easy

Tom says I "cook like a chef" nowadays! He doesn't realise that since I had this electric cooker I get the cooking heat I want at the touch of a switch, and that the fumeless electric oven heat makes things taste much nicer. So he thinks it's all my cleverness—bless his heart—let him! And fancy! It only costs a penny to prepare a family dinner, and as we hire purchase this cooker for a few shillings a quarter it's as good as something off the rent to us. What! You haven't got an electric cooker yet? Then take my advice and hire or hire purchase one now—it's the biggest boon in a housewife's life

ELECTRIC COOKERS

MAKE COOKING FUN!

Issued by the British Electrical Development Association, 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2

BE READY BEFORE THE ACCIDENT

PRESTOBAND

the new self-adhesive bandage

A turn or two, press down the end—and it's on. A gentle pull—and it's off. The secret? It sticks to itself, but not to the skin or hair. Porous to air so the skin may breathe; impervious to water so you may wash. In fact, never say 'a bandage,' say PRESTOBAND . . it's worth it.

● NO KNOTS - NO PINS - DOES NOT STICK TO SKIN OR HAIR

In three sizes @ 3d., 6d., & 9d. From Boots', Timothy Whites and all chemists. Made by Vernon & Co., Ltd., Preston

TRAVEL Sickness

SONGO (Capsules) prevent Sea-sickness, Motor, Air, or Rail Sickness; it NEVER Fails. 1/6 and 3/6 Obtainable or Post Free. Vendo Ltd., 199 Pitt St., Glasgow

SONGO

CURSED WITH RHEUMATISM

"A few months ago my wife suffered terrible agonising pains, she could not move a joint; her fingers were bent with Rheumatism . . . decided to give them (Uracs Round Tablets) a trial . . . my wife is walking about to-day as nimble as anyone."—S. R., Hull. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 23m, Bonner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

VARICOSE VEINS

Seamless and fully fashioned, approved by Medical Profession, Dr. Scholl's Corrective Hosiery is the ideal method of supporting the weakened walls of veins. Special weave gives full freedom to leg muscles; comfortable and cool. Restores slim grace to legs; prevents aches and tiredness. Invisible. All Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. Price from 15/- per pair.

Dr Scholls CORRECTIVE HOSIERY

The Man I Trusted

The officers drew truncheons from their pockets and went up the stairs with me at their back

Reader's Story by Herbert Miles

Registered Reader No. 317,554, 20, Saville Street, Wakefield, Yorks.

I HAD been to visit my wife, who was dangerously ill in hospital, and, as I turned a bend in the main road, I saw him standing by a car.

At first I thought that he was a fellow-motorist in distress.

He was a tall, good-looking young fellow, with curly fair hair.

"Run out of petrol?" I asked, pulling up.

"No," he replied. "I'm looking for a lift into town."

"O.K.," I said. "Jump in."

When he was beside me, I could see that he was tired out.

"What's the matter?" I asked him. "Out of a job?"

"Yes," he sighed. "I lost my job a month ago."

On the way to town he told me how he had spent all his savings, and had been turned out of his lodgings.

"I've searched for work," he said, "until I'm fed up."

He seemed a decent enough fellow, and I felt sorry for him.

I had a spare room over the garage, so I thought it might help him if I let him sleep there while he worked for me.

"It's the best I can do at the moment," I said.

"That's fine," he said, gratefully.

I acted on impulse, and later I felt regret, for he was a complete stranger to me, and, as I had to go to the hospital every night, I was taking a chance.

Some days afterwards, when I knew him better, I was more than ever suspicious of him, although, mark you, he had done nothing to make me so. I put it down to his demeanour, which was quiet and sullen.

Meanwhile, my wife had grown worse. At the end of the week they put her on the danger list.

On the Saturday night, when they 'phoned for me to go to the hospital, I thought the end had come. It was just as I was closing the shop.

Rushing home, I saw Dave, as I called the young man, in the garden.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Bad news?"

"I'm afraid so," I said.

He followed me into the house.

While I put the day's takings into the front-room sideboard, he stood by the door and asked if he could be of assistance.

It didn't strike me as unusual then that he was in the room, for I was so beside myself with worry that I even forgot to lock the drawer.

BUT when I was on my way to hospital it all came to me.

He had never followed me into the house before.

Thinking it over, I reasoned that he had been watching for an opportune moment to rob me.

It was, however, too late to turn back.

On reaching the hospital, there was no place for these fears, as my wife was entering the critical period.

At a quarter to two the nurse came to me and said that there was a turn for the better.

"I think," she said, "that the crisis is over now. You can go home and rest in peace."

Despite being overjoyed by the news, I was uneasy all the way home.

As soon as I put my key into the front door, I knew the worst had happened. The room where I kept the money was upside down.

When I had telephoned the police, I heard a sound upstairs like somebody walking.

Anticipating that Dave was still in the house and would use violence if he was disturbed, I armed myself with a poker and went into the hall.

Realising that I would be at a disadvantage if I went up the stairs, I decided to wait at the bottom until the police arrived.

It was quite twenty minutes before they came.

"I think," I said to the officer in charge, "that he is up there."

"All right," he said, and, turning to another officer, added: "Go outside in case he gets out of the window."

The officers drew truncheons from their pockets and went up the stairs, with me at their heels.

The front bedroom was also in chaos. But there was no sign of Dave.

When I told the officer about Dave, we all went over to the garage.

"It's him all right," I said, seeing the empty bed in his room.

"You must have been mad to trust somebody you don't know," the officer said.

"That's what you get for doing a fellow a good turn," I said.

WE went down the drive, and outside the gate were marks of car wheels.

"It looks as if the owner of the car was in a hurry to get away," the officer commented. The skid marks were deep.

"The only way he could have got a car was to steal one," I suggested.

To satisfy himself on this score, the officer rang up the station and asked them whether any car in the district had been reported as stolen.

"You're right," I was told later. "One was reported about ten minutes ago. Belongs to Dr. Western."

On the way back to the house I was told not to worry. With the car number known, Dave couldn't get far.

Disgusted, I went to bed.

Half an hour later the telephone bell rang.

"Will you come to the police-station at once?" a voice said.

"Have they got him?"

"Yes, we've got him all right."

ON the way to the station I was hoping the police would give me an opportunity to tell Dave what I thought about him.

He was in the charge-room as I came in, and, much to my surprise, was looking as pleased as Punch.

"Well, Mr. Miles," the Inspector said, "thanks to this young man, we've got the joker who made such a mess of your house."

He pointed to Dave. I couldn't believe it at first.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Better let the lad tell his own story," the inspector replied.

Dave was brief. He had awakened and heard noises.

Going down to the drive, he had seen the burglar escaping in a car.

Hailing a passing car, he had gone in pursuit, and ten miles up the road he had overtaken the thief.

As a reward for his good work, I found Dave a job in my business, and he lived with my wife and me until he joined the Air Force two years ago.

"Greatest of These . . ."

HAVE you ever thought how small a matter will sometimes dim for you the brightness of a glorious day?

If you have, you will sense the feelings of those for whom each day is another step along the pathway of despair.

Like this ex-Service man with his wife and five children, who were buying their home on hire purchase.

Through no fault of his own he lost his job, and, unable to keep up payments on furniture, also lost his home.

He and his wife and two of the children obtained one furnished room for 13s. a week, and had to pay relatives to mind the three elder children. We were able to help this family in their distress. Recently we also aided an unemployed ex-Service man, whose wife and four children were all in ill-health.

Even the woman's wedding ring had been pawned to buy food. There was hardly ever enough food for the children, and the mother was in desperation when she applied to us.

* * *

If you want to do your bit for such unfortunates send your donation, no matter how small, to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. There are no deductions for administration, every penny sent being devoted to the Fund.

CONSTIPATION

I didn't know what a good natured laxative was until I tried LIXEN. *It's so effective yet never gripes*

LIXEN

Obtainable only from chemists. Liquid in bottles 1/-, 1/9, 3/-. Lozenges, blackcurrant flavoured, in tins at 7½d. and 1/-.

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., LONDON, E.C.2.

L14

Slim and Rejuvenate Your Figure

Why be unshapely, tired, uninteresting? A slim figure can be yours—NOW—without dangerous drugs or irksome dieting! Wear the supremely comfortable AMBRON REDUCING CORSET and regain your youthfulness and charm. Expertly fashioned in a special odourless rubber fabric, this Corset effects an imperceptible massage-like treatment which eliminates unwanted flesh in a harmless and healthy way. Try one on approval for

4/6 DEPOSIT (plus 6d. postage)

(Your deposit refunded if not satisfied). Balance may be paid by monthly instalments of 2/6. EASY TERMS NO EXTRA.

The Two Garments illustrated 10/11

Please send me a Reducing Corset. Also Brassiere (Cross out if not required)

Enclose crossed P.O. Postal Order for 4/6 (deposit and postage) with name (Mrs., or Miss) and address and Bust, Waist and Hips measurements. State if CLOSED BACK or LACED BACK model required.

(Overseas full cash.)

J. Bull, 28/5/38.

AMBROSE WILSON LTD

WORLD'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER CORSET HOUSE

600 Ambrose House, 69 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1

He had to apologise for his wife !

What's that? Flat the Petersons off again? But we can't, Ann, he's my boss! If you're too tired to do the cooking we'll have to take them out to dinner. Meet me at 8 at the Grand and please try to look cheerful
Oh all right, John
AT DINNER ONE AWKWARD SILENCE AFTER
THINKS: ANN'S HARDLY SPOKEN ALL EVENING
THINKS: I KNOW I'M LETTING JOHN DOWN
THINKS: POOR WOMAN, SHE DOES LOOK WASHED-OUT
THINKS: WHAT A HANDICAP TO HAVE SUCH A FRIGHTFULLY DULL WIFE
LATER
I'm afraid you've had rather a dull evening Mr. Peterson. The fact is my wife isn't very well these days. I'm making her see a doctor
AT THE DOCTORS
I even wake tired, doctor. It's making me look so drawn, too
I'm afraid your trouble is due to Night Starvation, Mrs. Brown. You see, even at night your heart, breathing and other automatic actions go on using up energy. Unless you replace energy during sleep you're bound to wake tired, feel run-down, nervy. You need Horlicks...
2 MONTHS LATER AT THE PETERSONS'
Your wife's charming, Mr. Brown. We both think so
Oh, but you ought to play golf, Mrs. Brown. Why don't you join our club?
Yes, I must. (THINKS) HORLICKS HAS MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE

DO YOU WAKE TIRED, FEEL AND LOOK RUN-DOWN, 'NERVY'?

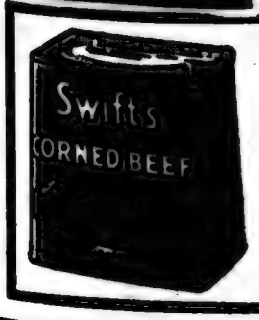
IF SO, take Horlicks, a cupful regularly last thing at night. Your tiredness and 'nerves' will leave you. No more Night Starvation. You'll have vitality and charm, the secret of a woman's success. Prices from 2/- at all chemists and grocers. Also the Horlicks mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS

GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

NOT COMING HOME TO LUNCH

THE KITCHEN will not see us to-day—not even when we cut our sandwiches. We are away before the crowd with Swift's our Sunday joint for the Sunday jaunt. Swift's is the quality beef, full of flavour, tender and really juicy. That is why it carves so easily—anywhere. No crumbling. Thin, rosy slices every time.



Six tins of Swift's in the larder mean six ready-cooked meals in hand.

Swift's PLATE CORNED BEEF

HENRY A. LANE & CO., LTD., 37-45 TOOLEY ST., LONDON, S.E.1

WHY I USE NEW VEET

1 New 'VEET' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

2 New 'VEET' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without trace of ugly stubble.

3 New 'VEET' is a dainty white cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.

4 New 'VEET' avoids coarse regrowth — unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 6d. and 1/3.

GRAVES Boots the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for the Graves Display of latest Fashions showing the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at the keenest money-saving prices, on the fairest of Easy Terms

NO CHARGE FOR EASY PAYMENTS

3/- Monthly

Torquay
A lovely plain All Wool Material of reliable quality has been selected for this beautifully tailored three-quarter Raglan Stroller Coat, which is of attractive cut and tasteful finish. It has a raised centre back seam terminating in a knife-pleat at the hem, patch pockets, and stylish collar & revers. Carefully lined throughout with good quality Art. Silk Taffeta to tone. Supplied in the shades of New Tan, Fawn, New Lime Green, and Dutch Blue. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. (Busts: 32 to 50ins.) Lengths: 40ins. (Approx). **21/-**
Terms: 2/- monthly.

PATTERNS POST FREE
Write for full range of cloth Patterns of Newest Models, Coats, Costumes, Frocks, Underwear, &c., in the latest styles. Ask for patterns of any garment required, with self-measurement form and full particulars. Sent per return. Post Free. Styles & Patterns are also available of Young Ladies', Maids' and Girls' Fashions, & we offer excellent value in Footwear, Furs, Matrons' Clothing, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

CORNS

Safe, Certain Cure—Money-back Guarantee

Why risk blood-poisoning by using a razor on your corns, or make do with the temporary relief of pads and rings? The very first application of 'FREEZONE' stops the pain, and within 3 or 4 days the corn shrinks and gets so loose you can actually lift it right out, root and all. Thousands of sufferers testify to the wonderful results of 'Freezone' Corn Remover. Only 1/3d. a bottle at all chemists, and every bottle sold with a money-back guarantee.

Pains in Back Gone in 3 Hours

If you suffer terrible, sharp pains or dull wearing aches in the back or sides, you can't get rid of these troubles with ordinary medicines because you must kill the germs in your kidneys that cause such trouble. Other symptoms of Kidney and Bladder Disorders are Scanty, Frequent and Painful Passages, Getting up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Headaches, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes and Rheumatism. The new scientific discovery—Cystex—ends these troubles by removing the cause—the germs which infest your kidney tubes. Cystex is guaranteed to start benefits in 24 hours and completely stop your troubles and restore vigorous health in 8 days or cost nothing. Ask your chemist for Cystex today. The money-back Guarantee protects you.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS BY PHILIP NEMAN

A happy home is a priceless possession—but there are some who are blind to its value

"I seldom see my wife now except in the company of some Romeo . . ."

Pleasure-loving wife

Life was heaven up to six months ago. My wife was content with the radio, the dog and me, and we had a small but pleasant circle of friends.

Then she began to be restless and pine for dances, theatres and gaiety.

I fell in with her new ideas, but I find that my health is suffering and my financial resources are being depleted by this turning of night into day.

My wife is attractive, and men cluster round her. She began to have regular escorts. I did not complain, for she is entitled to as many men friends as she likes.

But now I seldom see her except in the company of some Romeo, and my home life has ceased to exist.

When I suggest an old-fashioned evening at home I am accused of trying to dictate to her.

That is not my wish, for I am no believer in the Victorian idea of the husband being the master.

Marriage is a fifty-fifty partnership, with give-and-take as the basis.

★ —"No family" is probably the root of the trouble.

Many women, denied or denying themselves motherhood, fill their thwarted lives with empty pleasures.

On the facts as the husband presents them, however, I urge him to assert himself.

The wife must be made to see herself as she really is.

When she realises that her husband is a man and is not to be fooled any longer, she is far more likely to respect him.

Car-mad husband

My husband's ideas are bigger than his wages.

He has had four cars in three years, and loses money every time he sells them.

He is paying £5 a month on his present one, and that with the running expenses absorbs nearly £2 a week.

His wage is only £3 10s. a week, so I have 30s. to keep house on.

Four years ago we had a nice sum saved, but this is gradually going, and so is my patience.

I am thinking of taking our child and getting a post as a housekeeper, so as to be free of this continual pinching and scraping.

★ —I am all in favour of a man having a hobby, for it keeps him happy and contented. And in this case it is one in which his wife can find enjoyment.

But what a pity he overdoes it.

Still, the problem is easily solved—though not in the way my correspondent suggests.

After having had her own home a housekeeper's job would not be very pleasant for her, and it would be most unsatisfactory from the standpoint of the child.

I advise her to dismiss that idea and to reason tactfully with her husband.

Tell him how glad she is that he finds so much pleasure in his car, but that their home life would be so much happier if he kept the expenditure within reason.

Persuade him not to buy another car until they can afford to pay for it, and then the cost of running a small second-hand one—providing the man can do his own repairs—should not be very great. Appeal to him as a father, too, and stress the need to put money by for the child's education and career.

Unfaithful husband

The bottom has dropped out of my world.

For twenty years my husband has been everything to me, and people think we are an ideally happy couple.

Now I have just read a vile and loathsome letter written to him by another married woman, and she is demanding money.

I feel that if I leave him he will go entirely to the bad, and, besides, I have three children.

Please give me some comfort, for I am broken-hearted.

I cannot understand why a married woman should want another woman's husband.

★ —Has that husband admitted that guilty association, and, if so, has he expressed his sorrow and regret?

Those are the first points to clear up.

I can't believe that after twenty years of happy married life this man can be altogether bad. It may have been a mad infatuation led on by a wicked and designing woman.

Whatever it is, I hope, for the sake of my correspondent and those three children, that he can be won round to decency and honour again.

And in that recovery his wife can play her part. She is now smarting from the painful shock of it all, but I hope she will not decide on any drastic step, such as leaving him.

That would only play into the other woman's hands.

I would counsel her to stand by her home and resolve to see this trouble through.

And great will be her reward—for I am sure she can, if she will, win back the affection that has strayed.

Argumentative husband

My husband will do anything to provoke an argument. If I agree with him he says I am only doing so to please him.

If I keep silent he says I am ignoring him.

He will never go with me anywhere, and if I should go to a cinema or whist drive there is always some argument at the end of it.

All this is so bad for our children, and I feel they would be better away from his influence.

★ —Occasional arguments are not a bad thing. They can be stimulating, thought-provoking.

But this man seems to have no reason to his arguments.

I suggest to my correspondent that she should approach a local political party or a debating society and ask that her husband might be invited to attend their meetings.

If he can be persuaded to accept, it would give him the opportunity of airing his views.

By letting off steam outside, there would not be the same need to ventilate his feelings at home.

Trouble of this kind often arises when a man's work is over and he has nothing to do to occupy his spare time.

Possessive wife

Before we were married, four months ago, my wife agreed that, to prevent ourselves getting into a rut, we should each have one night off a week to enjoy ourselves as we wished.

But she has since backed out of the arrangement, and she expects me to spend every available minute with her at home.

I am rapidly losing touch with most of my old friends, and have had to give up my previous activities, such as amateur dramatics and the sports club.

Now when I try to discuss the matter with her she bursts into tears.

★ —This young man feels that his home life would be happier if he were allowed a little freedom.

And with that end in view an arrangement was made before their marriage. It is a pity that his wife has backed out of it.

She would be foolish to try to keep her husband all to herself.

If that one evening a week apart does not now appeal to her, then let her, too, join that sports club or the amateur dramatic society.

That is the best compromise in this problem. It is one that I hope both my correspondent and his wife will adopt.

● *Send your private problem to "Humanist"—the man who wants to help you—enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply. Address the envelope to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Letters sent to any other address cannot be dealt with.)*

Guard against *COSMETIC SKIN* and you'll hear thrilling words like these

MEN just can't help falling in love with skin that's clear and soft and smooth. So don't risk spoiling this greatest of your charms!

You can use all the powder and make-up you like so long as you remove them *thoroughly* at night. But it's when little bits of stale powder and make-up remain caked deep down in the pores that trouble starts.

Many women who think they remove their old make-up *thoroughly* at night, really leave tiny traces in their skin. Soon their complexions go muddy and coarse and spots and blackheads come. Then Cosmetic Skin results — death knell to romance!

POWDER HARMLESS WHEN REMOVED THIS WAY

Film stars—who *must* have flawless skins—say that only one thing removes make-up *completely*—that's Lux Toilet Soap. This pure soap has a specially penetrating lather that foams deep into the pores and washes out every hidden grain of powder. That is why Lux Toilet Soap has been made the official soap of the big film studios—it's the surest safeguard against Cosmetic Skin.

Adopt the stars' beauty care and you can use all the powder and make-up you like without risk of Cosmetic Skin. Every night before bed and before renewing your make-up in the day, remove the old cosmetics with Lux Toilet Soap. Your skin will become clear, fine and smooth. It will attract the love you long for.

MADELEINE CARROLL says:
(Walter Wanger Productions)
"I use all the powder and make-up I like, but I'm careful to avoid Cosmetic Skin—I use Lux Toilet Soap always. It gives you a gorgeous skin!"

3D. A TABLET
This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

TL 923-364-65 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

Men are getting *"better groomed"* every day

THANKS TO THE

OLIVE OIL SHAVE!

More men look well-groomed than ever nowadays. That's because no beard's too tough a proposition for Palmolive—and Palmolive is what most men use! Olive oil is the secret of Palmolive's super-softening powers. . . . Because of olive oil, too, Palmolive's rich and generous lather acts as a lotion and gives the grandest refreshing after-shave comfort. But that's only one of the reasons why Palmolive easily tops the list for popularity. There are four more besides.

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4. Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after effects due to olive oil content.

6d. AND 1/-

Stop Hair Falling

Grow It Like This

Read this letter. See how you, too, can stop your hair falling and grow it again thicker and stronger than ever

"My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin," writes Miss D. Bell. "I had used different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful, Thick Growth developed free from Dandruff. Also my hair, which was growing grey, resumed its natural colour."

KOTALKO QUICKLY STOPS HAIR FALLING

Hair falling—regrows it thickly and strongly. Kotalko and Kotalko Soap get rid of dandruff and quicken slow growth.

—Fill in and Post this Coupon To-day.—

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD: 6, Percy Street (83 JP), London W.1
Please send me, post paid, Trial Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO
Cleanse and Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

GRAVES NEW CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 18, 21, or 22in. Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain. Leather-weave and Jost Saddle-bars. Dunlop Endrick Rims. Roadeo Pedals. Calipso Rear Brake. Middlemore's Roadeo Pattern Saddle. "Hold all" Bar. Reflector. Accessories. £4.17.6 or 6/- monthly. Ladies Model: free wheel. Sprat sprocket. 2 brakes. £5.4.6 or 6/6 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. Catalogue Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

6/- NOW

Have YOU turned to page 12?

A TIP WORTH KNOWING!

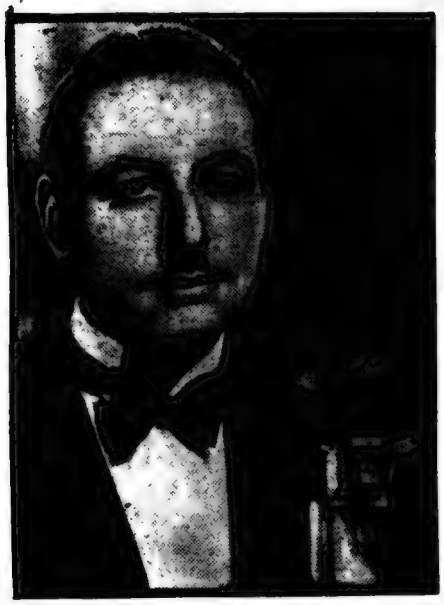
Seccotine, the world-famous adhesive, is generally associated with the repairing of broken articles—but did you know that it is also a wonderful preserver of silks, fabrics, etc.? Just try some in your washing water and notice the amazing freshness and "new life" it imparts to your clothes. Seccotine is obtainable everywhere in pin-stopper tubes, 4½d., 6d. and 9d.

Sole Proprietors:
M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr, Ltd., Belfast.
The DOUBLE STRENGTH ADHESIVE

SECCOTINE

FREE! A copy of a *Famous* Herb Book. Fill in the coupon on p. 33

Songs You Will Never Hear



Bruce Sievier

THROUGHOUT Britain thousands of amateur song-writers are striving year after year to produce a "hit" which will bring them fame.

And year after year they fail but carry on, seeking the "inspiration" which, they think, will make big money.

To these optimists I say: If you have the talent, if you are prepared to give up everything to reach your goal, well—go ahead, and good luck.

Otherwise you had better sell your pianos and forget the whole business.

Successful song-writing is sheer hard work. And it is a whole-time job.

Of course, there are songs which have brought new or amateur writers big rewards. Most outstanding was "Tipperary."

The lucky man who wrote that still draws from his publishers a substantial weekly income, which is likely to go on as long as he lives!

Then there was "The Long, Long Trail," another money-spinner written by an amateur, who in this case paid for the publication.

But since the war I cannot recall one song *published in this manner* which has made money! The market is so difficult nowadays that the amateur needs the help of a professional to make his songs "sure-fire."

Poverty, disillusionment, tragedy and comedy are woven into the romantic story of successful—and unsuccessful—song-writers.

During the run of my broadcast series "Songs You Might Never Have Heard" disabled ex-Service men were among those who sent me songs and lyrics in the hope that they would be worth putting on the air.

The songs had been published by "shark" firms, who will print any rubbish — provided the author pays for it.

One song was sent me from a mother and daughter living in the south of England. Both are permanent invalids.

The daughter wrote the lyric, and she and her mother then spent their life savings on this song that will never be sung.

They thought they were going to make enough money from it to go to the seaside for the first time.

Of course, the song was worthless, and regretfully I had to tell them that they would never get back the money they had spent.

So far as I know, they are still dreaming of song fame—and the seaside.

That is just one of the tragedies of Tin Pan Alley. There is romance, too.

Bernard Wetherall, a London 'bus driver, who lives at Buckhurst Hill, was the only *amateur* success of my broadcast series.

★ ★ ★

Do you know how long he had been writing before one of his songs was broadcast?

Twenty-five years!

But Wetherall goes on and on. If doggedness counts he will succeed. Due to my broadcasts he had two of his songs published.

By Bruce Sievier

producer of the B.B.C. series, "Songs You Might Never Have Heard"

He tells me he began song-writing at seventeen. For many years he turned out song after song for his own amusement, without any idea of getting them published.

But after the war, when he lost his job in the slump, he tramped Charing Cross Road until he was footsore. Tramped it in vain. Not one publisher would take the risk. . . .

Now Wetherall is far better than the average amateur. I would like to see him write and publish a successful song, for he is a real trier.

Often he gets inspiration for tunes and lyrics while at the wheel of his bus. Sometimes an idea comes to him while on his way to work.

"I thought of a tango, 'Seville,' as I was waiting for the first 'bus at six o'clock one wet winter's morning," he told me.

"Before I could sign on for the day I had to make a fifteen-minute 'bus journey to the garage.

"When I reached the garage I had jotted down the idea and refrain on the back of a traffic circular."

One morning he was sitting at home, idly listening to the drip of water from the tap into a bowl in the kitchen sink.

It seemed to him to say, "Little Brown Sparrow, Little Brown Sparrow."

By breakfast time he had nearly completed a song with this title. It was later sung over the air by Gustav Ferrari.

But that song also came back from the publishers

Wetherall is the great example of how song-writing can be made a *side-line*. Sensibly, he has remained a 'bus driver.

Another amateur writer included in my "Songs You Might Never Have Heard" is Charles Black.

When he walked into my office this young Irishman was starving. He produced a lyric and told me that he was a dishwasher, then out of a job.

When he was working in the kitchen of a big hotel he dreamed of Irish girls and Irish mountains. He still dreamed of them as he tramped London looking for work.

Bernard Wetherall, the busman-composer

His song, with music by Chas. P. Tovey, a professional, went into my series and was broadcast once.

He got a cheque for his copyright fee. The B.B.C. crossed it "A/c Payee. Not negotiable."

Result was that Black, unemployed and penniless, had to spend a whole week-end with a perfectly good cheque from the B.B.C. in his pocket. No one would cash it!

★ ★ ★

I took him to the B.B.C on the Monday, and after a little difficulty got him the money.

Now Black is back at work.

Well, there it is. The romance and the heartbreak of song-writing.

It is a hard school, but once the song bug bites us, well—we go on writing those "songs you might never hear."

Of course I take a laxative

WHAT DO YOU THINK MAKES ME FEEL SO YOUNG?

If you wish to keep young simply take a dose of Beechams Pills whenever you feel you need them. This should be your Golden Rule of Health. Beechams Pills are the purest, safest, most effective laxative the world has ever known—famous for over ninety years. Start a course today. You can get them everywhere.

My laxative is Beechams Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

A Friend in Need

IN Yorkshire is a charming little stone cottage of the kind usually associated with oil lighting.

But the electricity cables have found it, as they have discovered many a lonelier spot.

Lighting is at the touch of a button. And a modern electric radiator in the chief bedroom is an excellent auxiliary to the homely coal fire that blazes downstairs.

That radiator confers comforts unknown when this particular cottage was built—a last-minute warm before bedtime, an inducement to get out of bed on frosty mornings, and an every-handy means of airing clothes when the weather doesn't call for coal fires.

An important point in this particular cottage, that last one, seeing that the husband and wife, whose home it is, have both passed sixty.

Unfortunately it led to disaster.

A smell of burning—and the old couple found that clothes put in front of the radiator to air, and other clothing hung over it on a rail, were in flames.

Many pounds' worth of damage had been done before the fire was extinguished: damage that these two old people weren't going to find easy to make good.

JOHN BULL, however, saw to that for them.

Because they were protected by JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme, we made their loss our loss.

All because the husband had signed a coupon at no cost whatsoever to himself—a coupon which is reprinted for your benefit on page 2.

Acknowledging our cheque he wrote: "It is the second time JOHN BULL has helped us. The last time was three or four years ago, when we had a flood. So a friend in need really has proved a friend in deed."

An added reason why you should turn to page 2 *now*.

Answer, Please!

S			R	E

Two letters, missing from the spaces above, are required to complete a word that will aptly answer the Clue, "Century often makes big difference to it." What are they?

As soon as you have decided, turn to page 38 and you will find a whole puzzle made up of such fascinating little problems. Spend this evening tackling them and your sensational reward may well be £5 Monthly for Life, £300 and a Free Family Trip to the Glasgow Exhibition.

Indigestion

Bicarbonate of Soda as a remedy

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

"Do you recommend Bicarbonate of Soda for indigestion and stomach trouble?" is a question we doctors are quite frequently asked. Generally speaking, the answer is NO. Most digestive disorder is due primarily to excess acid in the stomach. Only by neutralising this acid can you hope to get relief. Now, whilst Bicarbonate of Soda is a strong alkali, it is only a crude chemical, and its action is far too violent. Consequently I would not recommend it except as an emergency measure when a properly balanced formula is not available.

My own advice to stomach sufferers is always to rely on a standard antacid—'Bisurated' Magnesia is what I personally recommend. 'Bisurated' Magnesia not only neutralises the burning, ulcerating excess acid, it also contains special ingredients to heal the inflammation of the stomach lining. In this way all stomach pain is stopped within a few minutes, and, more important still, the digestion is *safely* restored to normal, healthy activity.

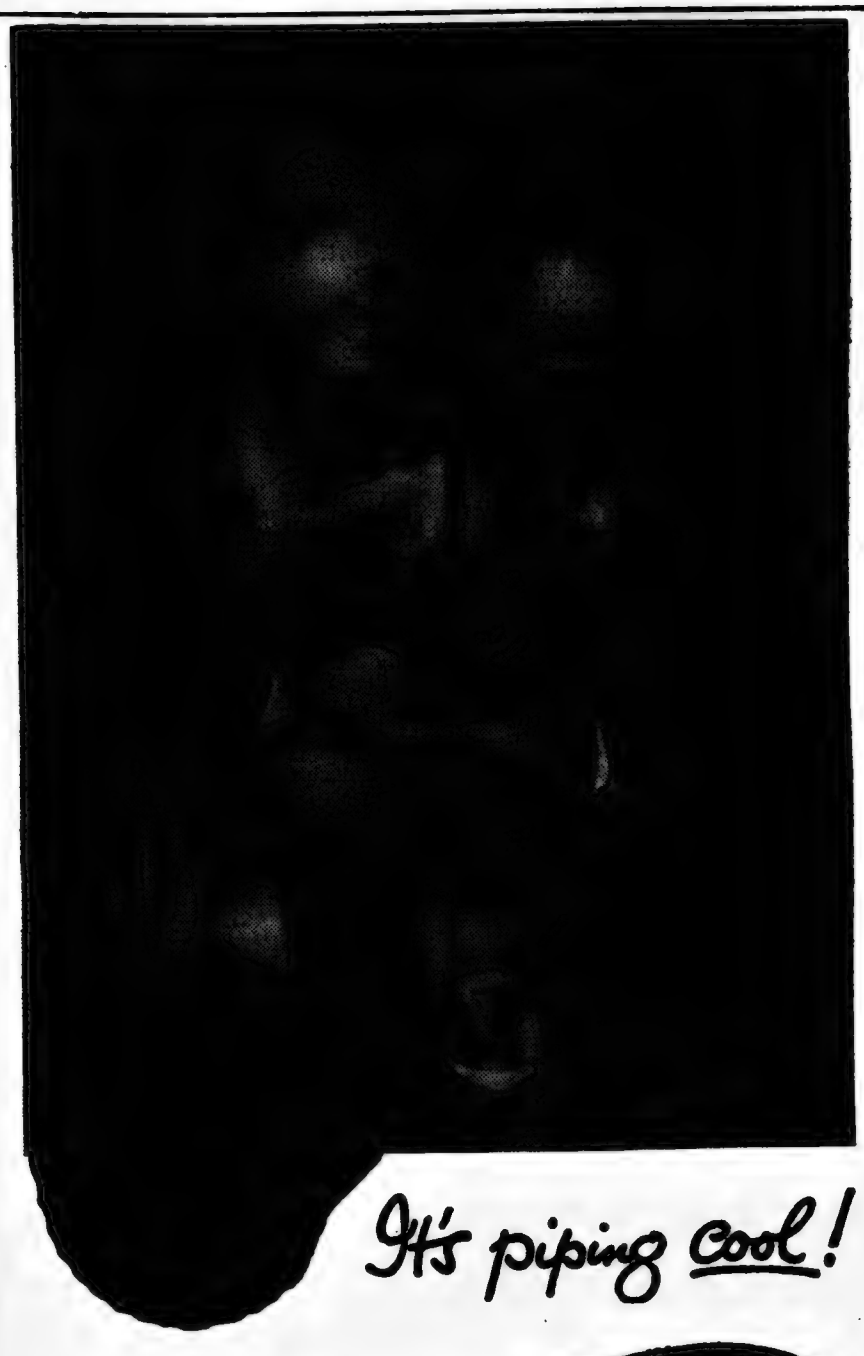
Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to by Dr. Scott, is available at all chemists at 6d., 1/3, and 2/6.

BEER IS BEST

It's malt, from out the barley field,
That makes beer so nutritious;
While hops their subtle flavour yield
To make it so delicious.

The best of England's countryside
Is in this cup of cheer—
And that's why Englishmen decide
They'll always . . .

STICK TO BEER



It's piping cool!

LLOYDS'

Bondman TOBACCO

RICH RUBBY VIRGINIA 11½d per oz.
EMPIRE BLEND ..... 10d per oz.

IN easy-to-open VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

CROSSWORD No. III.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

On page 30 is presented the 111th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Agreement and accuracy of Answers in addition to the Clues mean the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Leonidas Abercrombie, LL.D., D.Litt., M.A.; and Doctor C. H. M. Jeud, M.A., D.Litt.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If in any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit to Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when results and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, June 16, 1938. The reason which dictated the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 28, Bedford Street, W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

A WATERING CAN and SANGRAL

Two splendid allies for gardening success!

The value of liquid manure in the garden cannot be exaggerated, and Sangral is acknowledged to be the finest liquid manure on the market to-day.

RESULTS IN 10 DAYS!

This remarkable soluble Fertiliser supplies vital organic nitrogen to the roots within 6 hours of feeding! In 10 days it works wonders with Flowers, Fruits, Herbaceous Borders, Lawns and Vegetables. Sangral contains NO CHEMICALS WHATSOEVER and cannot harm even the most delicate seedlings. It is also harmless to domestic animals. No wonder, then, that Sangral is regularly used in over one million British gardens, and that the greatest gardening experts sing its praises. They use Sangral themselves in their own gardens. Could they pay a finer tribute than that?

There is NO SUBSTITUTE for SANGRAL, so from now on, make your watering can do TWO useful jobs at one and the same time.

NOW is the time to use

SANGRAL

THE TEN-DAY FERTILISER.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

6d. pkts., 1/6, 3/- and 5/- tins.

Sale.

GAINED 21lbs.

Look At Him Now!

IRVONA Brand Nerve and Body Builder makes strong, Robust MEN, even out of the most unpromising material! By giving to your body carefully balanced proportions of Iron for the Blood, Calcium for the Bones, and Phosphorus for the Brain and Nerves, IRVONA conquers once and for all that vital deficiency which keeps you nervy, skinny and weak. YOU can blossom out into a real "He-Man" personality, whether you are in your 'teens' or in the 'forties.' By just taking those wonderful tablets three times a day you can put on pounds of Firm Solid, Healthy Flesh—even if you are middle-aged.

Read What He Says:

Dear Sir,—I enclose my photograph which I thought would interest you. I have always been naturally strong, yet was this small I tried IRVONA. After only two hours I could see a great difference. I was claimed by thousands as Lincolnshire's most perfectly developed man. To be famous is not in my line when so many thousands of run-down thin men could be just as fit and strong if only they would try IRVONA Brand Tablets. In less than three months I gained 6 stone and a half—another IRVONA success. Thanking you again.

Yours faithfully, David Kinkhaus.

"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct, post free on receipt of price, from:—

IRVONA (Dept. 29M), 1, GREASE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London & Colonial Export Co., Ltd.

THE NEW WAY TO STOP A HEADACHE

"Alkalizing" Ends Headaches, Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Wind, Rheumatic Pains, Neuralgia, Colds

When you've got a Headache it's a sure sign of too much acid in your system. It may be through worry, over-work, too much rich food, over-eating, over-drinking, over-indulgence. Now you can get quicker and more wonderful relief than you ever dreamed of. Science has combined the three ingredients doctors have used separately for years.

Just ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets. Drop one in a glass of water and it makes a sparkling, bubbling, alkalizing drink which immediately sets to work to neutralize the excess acids in the system. These 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets bring wonderful relief from Headaches and all sorts of troubles due to Excess Acidity.

'Alka-Seltzer' is remarkably effective, too, in cases of Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Wind, Rheumatic Pains, Neuralgia, Colds and all complaints due to excess acidity.

Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. (The 2/- size contains 2½ times the 1/-.) If you aren't more than satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

CORNS

When you find you can't stand the pain of your aching, corn-tortured feet any longer, just plunge them into the medicated and oxygenated water of a 'Reudel' Salts footbath. Relief comes instantly. The water carries the corn-loosening salts to the roots so that your corns can be lifted *right out.*

REUDEL

BATH SALTS (10 oz.) 1/6

STOMACH TROUBLES BANISHED

QUICKLY—SURELY—NATURALLY

Are you subject to attacks of indigestion, flatulence, acidity? Do you dread the after-effects of even the lightest meals? If so, your stomach is at fault. Why not restore, at once, its strength and tone? Nature will help you to do so—Nature in the form of Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. This old-time remedy is made of herbs, roots and barks, and nothing better has been discovered for restoring the digestive organs to healthy activity. Take Mother Seigels daily after meals, and food will no longer distress but nourish you. You will enjoy your meals and know the blessing of good digestion and good health. 1/3 and 3/- at Chemists everywhere.

THEY STILL BELIEVE IN WITCHES!

By a John Bull Special Investigator

BURNING witches went out of fashion 200 years ago—but the belief in them still smoulders; in fact, is flaming up anew.

In these days, when almost every villager pays a weekly visit to the cinema, follows world's events in his daily newspaper, there are thousands who quake at the mention of the "evil eye" and put their faith in love potions.

I know, because I have been "witch-hunting" in modern Britain.

Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Essex, Cornwall, Somerset, Dorset and Wales were some of the districts I visited, and everywhere I found people—young and old—living in fear of ancient superstitions.

Still pining!

Here is a letter from a Miss 1938 in a South Wales country district. It was written to an ancient scholar who has made folk-lore his study:

"I am in love with a man who does not seem to love me," said the girl.

"A wise woman has told me that if I take a sip of dragon's blood on Hallowe'en, he will marry me. But I do not know where to get any dragon's blood."

Nor did the scholar—so the girl is still pining for her ideal lover.

Near Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, are villagers who believe that, if you drop a pin through the keyhole of the west door of the village church and then run round it seven times, you will see the Devil.

Witches don't have to be so energetic. They need run round the church only three times.

Yes, the Devil is certainly an important being in these parts, and so are the hares, white rabbits, black cats and water-rats, which are supposed to lend their shapes to the witches who have sold him their souls.

It is not so long since a labourer living near Gainsborough ran into his home one night with pale face and chattering teeth, declaring he had seen a hare among the corn change into Satan, with his cloven hoofs and trident.

Essex, too, has its beliefs in witch-hares.

An Army officer, staying at Great Dunmow, was out shooting one evening, and fired both barrels of his shot-gun at a hare.

He was a first-class marksman and was quite certain he had hit the animal. But it galloped away apparently unharmed.

A labourer standing by laughed. "You can't kill that hare, sir," he said. "It's a witch-hare!"

Next evening the officer went shooting again, saw what seemed to be the same animal, and again fired both barrels at point-blank range.

Told to leave

But once more the hare loped away unscathed.

A motoring party staying at an hotel near Camelford, Cornwall, went for a walk on the moor and found a hare lying in agony.

They picked it up and put it in a safe place with some leaves to nibble at.

When they returned to the hotel they told the proprietor. He paled—then asked them to leave at once.

He said there was something evil about people who could handle wild hares!

Crowing cockerels are regarded as evil omens in some parts of Monmouthshire.

At Llanisben a labourer built a wall 2 ft. high, and then stopped because he heard a cock crow.

Years later he renewed his building, added another 2 ft. to the wall—and then heard a cock crow again!

The wall is still unfinished!

Potent Charms

Fried frogs' legs, yarn soaked in ale, spiders and—rarest and most wonderful thing of all—pieces of rope used by a hangman, are still regarded as potent charms in the West Country.

And an enemy's hatred is avoided by driving a nail into one of his foot-prints.

Lastly, here is the story of a Dorset farmer, who found he had been slandered, but did not know the name of the slanderer.

He visited a woman said to have supernatural powers, and she advised him to visit every public-house within a certain radius, order a glass of beer, pay, drink and speak to no one.

She made it known in the neighbourhood that whoever was slandering the farmer would shortly find the word "liar" on his forehead.

A few days later a man came to the farmer, saying he could not sleep because the word "liar" was so much in his mind.

The wise woman was certainly a good psychologist, but to this day the farmer is convinced that she is a witch!

Cavalcade of the C.I.D.—(3)

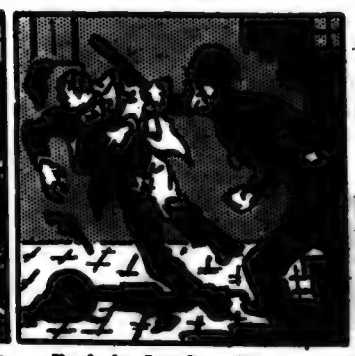
Photograph traps a KILLER!

Photographing of criminals was made compulsory in 1871. The innovation speedily led to the capture of the murderer Charles Peace. One night in November, 1876, a Mr. Dyson caught Peace making love to his wife. Peace whipped out a pistol and shot him dead.

Peace eluded the police by adopting many disguises—one being that of a minister. Wearing clerical dress, he used to stand outside police stations, gloating over his own "Wanted for Murder" notices! Meanwhile he carried on his career as a burglar.

His next victim was a policeman who found him breaking into a house in Manchester. Again his pistol cracked and he fled, leaving the policeman dead on the pavement. While Peace again dodged suspicion, an innocent man was arrested and charged with the murder.

Unfortunately for this man, it was known that he and the shot constable had been enemies, and he was sentenced to death. But the jury were not satisfied, and at the last moment the sentence was changed to penal servitude for life.



Back in London, Peace—now calling himself "Ward"—carried on his burglaries. Surprised by Constable Robinson when slinking away from a Blackheath house, he fired and missed. A desperate fight ended with Robinson felling him with his truncheon.

"Ward" received a life sentence. In accordance with the new Act, his photograph was taken. A detective saw it and made enquiries. Result was that Mrs. Dyson and others identified him as Peace.

He was re-tried, sentenced to death.

"HOW LUCKY THAT TOOTHACHE WAS!"
I HAD JUST BEEN SACKED, THEN MY GIRL THREW ME OVER.
YES, PHIL, I LOVE YOU, BUT I WON'T MARRY YOU!
AND TO CROWN IT ALL, THIS TOOTH BEGAN TO ACHE. SO I WENT TO THE DENTIST. HE PULLED THE TOOTH AND THEN SAID . . .
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD BETWEEN BADLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING PARTICLES.
AND SINCE THAT TIP ABOUT COLGATE'S
I HAVE MY JOB BACK . . . HELEN'S CHANGED HER MIND . . . AND I'M THE HAPPIEST MAN ALIVE!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes the teeth sparkle!"

THREE SIZES 6d 1/- 1/6d

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

You should not overlook the sensational mattress offer on page 12. Turn to it NOW!

Hurry—if you don't want to miss this great bargain!

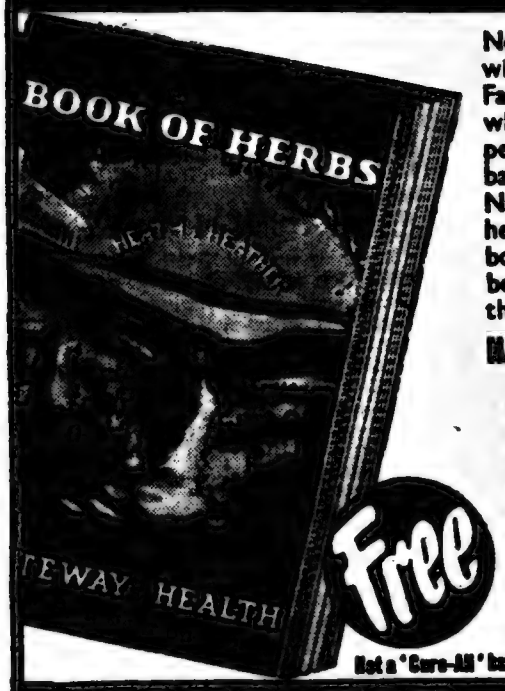
STOP RHEUMATISM FOR 2D

When those terrible crippling twinges of RHEUMATIC PAIN attack you, don't put up with them! STOP them—for 2d! Take a Beechams Powder and see how quickly marvellous ease comes to you! Beechams Powders cost only 2d each but they are QUICKER-ACTING because of their special powder form. They stop LUMBAGO, NERVE PAINS, HEADACHES, SCIATICA. Get YOUR supply NOW!

BEECHAMS POWDERS ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

Send TODAY for this FAMOUS HERB BOOK!



No household should be without Heath & Heather's Famous Book of Herbs, which points the way to perfect health—how to banish ailments with Nature's proved remedy, herbal treatment! This book has proved a great boon to hundreds and thousands of sufferers.

NATURE'S REMEDIES FOR

Anæmia	Gastritis
Bronchitis	Goitre
Backache	Headache
Blood Pressure	Indigestion
Catarrh	Influenza
Chilblains	Insomnia
Constipation	Lumbago
Corns	Neuralgia
Coughs	Rheumatism
Eczema	Sciatica

Not a 'Cure-All' but a Specific Remedy for Each Ailment

HERBS FOR HEALTH

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

TO HEATH & HEATHER LTD. (Dept. 18), ST. ALBANS
Please send me a FREE copy of "The Famous Book of Herbs."
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
(Post in unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.)

CAPENSIS
GUARANTEED 100% PURE

THE BIG TOILET ROLL
FOR THE THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD
Extra Soft Paper

Old Dan the miner was proud when the Film Director picked him for a speaking part. Then Fate stepped in . . .

SOB SCENE . . .

"Oh, God, you 'ave taken my son, my Glyn. Taken 'im cruelly you 'ave, and in pain"

By A. R. THOMAS

WHEN old Dan heard the mine was to be reopened, he sucked noisily at his empty pipe, and thrust his hands deep in his equally empty pockets.

A piece of torn newspaper fluttered around the street corner, settling against his foot.

"Jawch, man, 'aving me on, you are."

"Gospel truth! For a week only it is, though," said Spider Miles, his informant. "Some picture people 'ave 'ired it 'olesale-like. Turning Llanuchafedd into a blooming Ollywood, they are."

Dan tried to kick the newspaper away.

"Come to that, 'as it? Fillums in the pit—coal ain't worth getting any more. Bits of flotsam we are, just like—like—this 'ere bit of paper.

"Well, let the picture folk come. I ain't interested."

*

But he was at the station with half the unemployed of Llanuchafedd, when the film company arrived. They had a special coach, with their trade-mark painted on the sides.

Luggage, cameras, technical apparatus, technicians and small-part players were unloaded, but much to Llanuchafedd's regret there were no big stars.

The director, Joseph Raymonde, once known to the inhabitants of Gravesend as plain Joe Higgins, had left such valuable property in his studios on the fringe of London.

They would perform against back-projection shots obtained during this Welsh visit.

He was after some authentic backgrounds and atmosphere scenes to use in his colliery melodrama, at present untitled.

Earthquakes, fires and floods had been the highlights of recent film hits, and Joseph Raymonde was determined to surpass them all with a sensational mine explosion.

This, however, would be faked in the studio, with the aid of models.

Dan watched them crowding into the station approach.

He listened to their elegant accents with scorn.

"Those are the chaps who get my fourpence, then. Don't think much of them."

The next morning, when the queue shuffled through the Labour Exchange, Dan was ordered to report at the mine, together with fifty or sixty other men—all candidates for work as extras.

At first he refused to go. He had not entered the pit since the terrible fall of roof in the West gallery, nearly five years ago.

But the clerk—"cheeky young monkey," as Dan dubbed him—insisted, and even threatened to take him off the books.

Such an ultimatum caused Dan to grab his "pictures" and dash out of the Exchange.

He walked to the pithead, a stretch of desolate ground, like a forsaken refuse heap.

Grass and weeds grew between the rails of the once busy truck line.

The men clustered in knots, old cronies meeting at the place they had once visited every day.

Hushed and still they heard the creaking of the cage as the cameras and lighting apparatus were lowered.

There had been a time when the cage was working continuously . . . but now!

"Almost forgotten the sound of it, I 'ad," said Spider Miles in a strained voice.

They filed slowly through what had once been the manager's office, to be interviewed by an assistant director in a grey sweater.

* * *

When they heard their rate of pay for pretending to work the mine, every one of the ex-miners felt as if he had scooped the football pools.

"A guinea a day," repeated Dan, unable to believe it.

For three days they worked—or played—as they called it.

They became ghosts of their former selves. In straggling groups they crossed the pithead, swinging their rusty lamps and blue tea-cans, for a shot of miners going to work on an early morning shift.

They descended the shaft in the cage for a tricky angle shot—hammered away at the stubborn coal, ran the trucks along the roads, inspected the roof supports, fed the pit ponies—did everything they had done before, but this time in a blinding white light.

* * *

Every man felt the bitter irony of the situation, but the money meant a return of prosperity, however brief, and light-hearted sallies echoed along the workings.

"There's funny you look," said Dan, eyeing his butty, Spider Miles, whose lean back shone like polished bronze in the glare of the great lamps.

Miles grinned, his teeth gritty with coal dust.

"You're no blinking beauty yourself, mate. Like a floodlit City Hall with moss on, you look!"

Many thousand feet of film had passed through the cameras, much of it useful for the company's library of stock scenes, and Raymonde, the director, was satisfied with the progress made.

He enjoyed working in such unusual surroundings; everything was perfectly safe while they kept far away from the dangerous West gallery.

Every day the miners lined up at the office to collect their fee. On the third evening, the assistant director stopped Dan.

"Here, gran'dad," he shouted. "Stand over there."

Dan left the queue, flushed and indignant at the title, and fearful that he was completely on the scrap-heap, and even the odd guinea would be denied him.

When everyone had been paid, the assistant director hurried over.

"We're waiting for Mr. Raymonde," he explained. "He may be able to use you in a small speaking part."

Dan's watery blue eyes shone with pleasure. A chance to be a real film star, not just part of the background!

He was always keen on a bit of acting—as a lad had been a strong member of the chapel dramatic society.

Mr. Raymonde approached, surrounded by a flock of technicians.

"Here's your elderly working-man type, Mr. Raymonde. I hope he suits you, Mr. Raymonde."

The director looked at Dan, his head on one side.

"He'll do—he's photogenic."

Dan thrust his face forward, his lower lip jutting out.

(Continued on page 38)

THE DERBY

FULL MARKET PRICES

are guaranteed for Derby commissions, postmarked not later than MONDAY, May 30th, or telephoned or telegraphed on TUESDAY, May 31st. Commissions placed on WEDNESDAY, June 1st, on the Derby will be on at Full Starting Price, or Totalisator Returns as desired.

NO LIMIT, Win or Place.

CREDIT ACCOUNTS

Commissions are accepted up to any amount in accordance with rules, by telephone, telegram, or letter.

Telephone: CENTRAL 4888.

Telegrams: CHIFFY-TELEX-LONDON

NO LIMIT for Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Jockeys' Mounts.

Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account, and reserve for me a copy of your "Racegoer's Encyclopædia and Diary" until you receive my first commission. I am over 21 years of age.

Name
J.B. 28/5/38
Address
Suggested Weekly Credit £

DAVID COPE

CUDGATE ROAD LONDON E.1

PAIN AFTER MEALS

Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a tin of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Of all chemists.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Nearly lost my job

Keep fit for your work. Vigour and vitality ooze away when kidney action weakens. Badly filtered blood burdens you with backaches, dizzy attacks, headaches, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, disturbed sleep, stiff, inflamed muscles and joints, swollen limbs, renal dropsy, rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica.

Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills to strengthen your weak kidney action. The diuretics, antiseptics and stimulants in this special kidney medicine will flush and invigorate the kidneys and urinary system. At the same time the medicine will destroy bacteria in the urine without harming or irritating the urinary channels.

When the kidneys are healthy they will soon filter away the poisonous impurities which are causing your pain and discomfort. Pure blood will nourish the nerves, tissues and joints and you will be ready and able to tackle the day's work. Doans Pills do not drug the system to give temporary ease; they ensure permanent relief by their direct action upon the kidney filters.

INSIST UPON DOANS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Want a good shag?

- then figure on 'DIGGER'

You can count on Digger for that little extra satisfaction and coolness which makes all the difference in a pipe. Player's make it good—smokers make it popular. Digger has a larger sale than any other Empire Tobacco in the country.

8d PER OZ.

PLAYER'S DIGGER SHAG

ALSO FLAKE, MIXTURE & CUT PLUG

P.D.59

TAKE Elasto for all CIRCULATORY TROUBLES

★ A GENEROUS Sample and a free booklet explaining all about this remedy and how it assists in restoring elasticity to relaxed and devitalised veins will be sent to those who fill in the Special Coupon on the Back Cover.

If you're looking for FURNITURE BARGAINS

Send for this FREE CATALOGUE

HOME lovers should make a point of getting a copy of the Free Catalogue of Furnishing Bargains offered on p. 12. Simply fill in and post the coupon, or write, mentioning "John Bull" to the head offices. The addresses are set out in the announcement.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/6 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLORENT' Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrome Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid. £6 : 19 : 6 or 5/6 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £8 : 11 : 6 Terms 6/11 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems. Roadsters. Racers. Club Models

£5 56 now

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

LIVER, KIDNEY & STOMACH TROUBLES

If you are suffering agonising days, read of the marvellous recovery of Mrs. Hopton, 377, Abbey St., Derby, who writes:—"I was very ill, vomiting for three weeks and had terrible pains. I was in Hospital—was X-rayed—and they said I had Gall Stones. I took Vitadatio and now feel a new woman. I can eat anything and never have a bit of pain now." Cases pronounced hopeless have yielded to Vitadatio. For Liver, Kidney, Stomach and Blood troubles, Vitadatio stands alone. Get a bottle to-day. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 2/- and 4/- per bottle, or direct, per post (6d. extra in U.K.)

From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. Write for FREE BOOK L.H. 121

FREE COOKERY BOOK

Every housewife should get a copy of "A Lesson in Cooking Vegetables in a New Way." Simply fill in the Coupon on page 25.

NORMA KNIGHT's rise to stardom

EPISODE 9

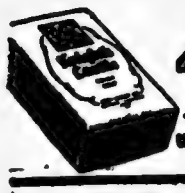
Norma's beauty attracts Humphrey Carson, the great actor

The day before the play, Humphrey Carson happened to come into the store again.

AH, NORMA, AS PRETTY AS EVER! I HEAR YOU'RE PLAYING THE LEAD IN THIS AMATEUR PRODUCTION
YES, MR. CARSON, I SUPPOSE YOU COULDN'T SPARE THE TIME TO COME ALONG AND SEE IT?
WELL, I'M REHEARSING A NEW PLAY OF MY OWN NEXT WEEK, BUT THIS WEEK I'M FAIRLY FREE. GIVE ME A TICKET.
I DON'T KNOW HOW I HAD THE CHEEK TO ASK HIM, MUMMY, BUT HE'S COMING.

Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE



4D PER TABLET U.K. ONLY

That's a rule you should follow, too, if you want to prevent "Tired Skin"—wash with Knight's Castile, night and morning. *Don't miss Norma's performance in the next episode.*

KC 216-264-38

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.16. Soap Makers since 1810.

X-WORD PENSION, FORTUNE and FAMILY TRIP TO THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION

£5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE £300

Thrilling week-end visit to Glasgow's Wonder Show, with tour of Scottish scenery, for party of four.

WIN "JOHN BULL'S" GREAT NEW 3-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE OR SPLENDID LUMP SUM OF £600 Cash

READ THESE RULES

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, June 4, 1938.

2.—In addition to entries to value of 1s. 6d. on "John Bull" forms, each entrant may submit further entries totalling extra 2s. 6d., on forms taken from weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to Entry-fee of 4s.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Sava" Form for special conditions governing use.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 16. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, June 21, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £600 Cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 31.

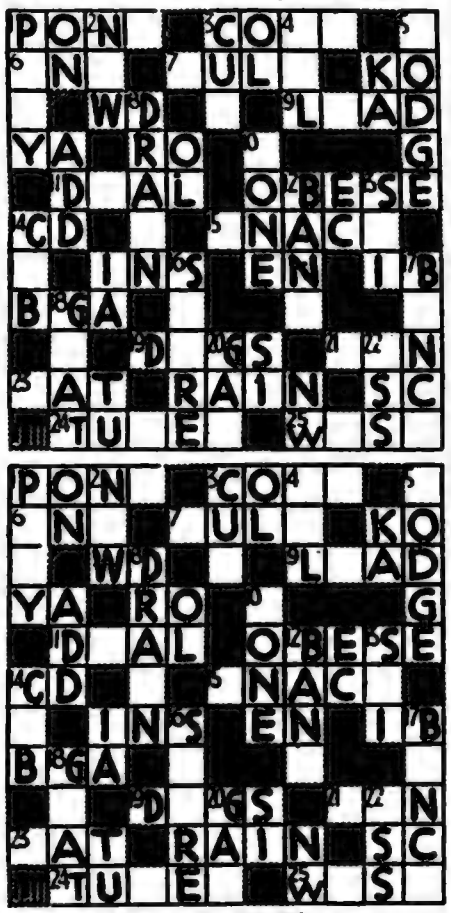
You may enclose "Bullets" with Crosswords—See "Bullets" page

HOW TO ENTER

Ordinary Puzzle Squares below may be used for your entry—or you may use the "Time-Sava" Entry Sheet as directed.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

X-WORD No. 111. Closing Sat., June 4.



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

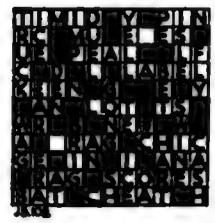
ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 111. "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

WINNING WORDS No. 108.

ACROSS—1. TIRID. 5. PIN. 7. EXES OR EYES. 8. PEAL. 11. LABEL. 12. KEEN. 18. LOT. 19. NEW. 23. CRAG OR CRAG. 21. CHIC. 23. RAT. 22. CHEAT.

DOWN—1. TRUCK. 2. ICE. 3. DUEL. 4. YELL. 6. ISLE. 9. FLY. 10. DEN. 12. EAR. 14. GONG. 16. SWINE. 17. WAR. 18. BRIG. 22. CASH. 22. ERA. 24. ICE.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

Two blank spaces indicate that at these points KEES or EYES and BRAG or CRAG were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending a penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 58, Bedford St., W.C.2.

Pension, £300 and "Queen Mary" Trip won outright in X-word No. 108.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 108, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrant who indicated the most meritorious Set of Answers for one Square (see left) was the following competitor:—

W. WIGHTMORE,

49, Lilley Street, Queen's Road, Manchester.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, this competitor will receive £5 Monthly for Life, £300 and "Queen Mary" Trip for Two, or a lump sum of £650 Cash.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, May 31, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 22 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entry received. These winners will each receive £4 10s. 11d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 239 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

Time-Sava ENTRY SHEET JOHN BULL **X-Word No. 111. Closing Sat. JUNE 4**

Study these Clues

FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6D ENTRY-FEE

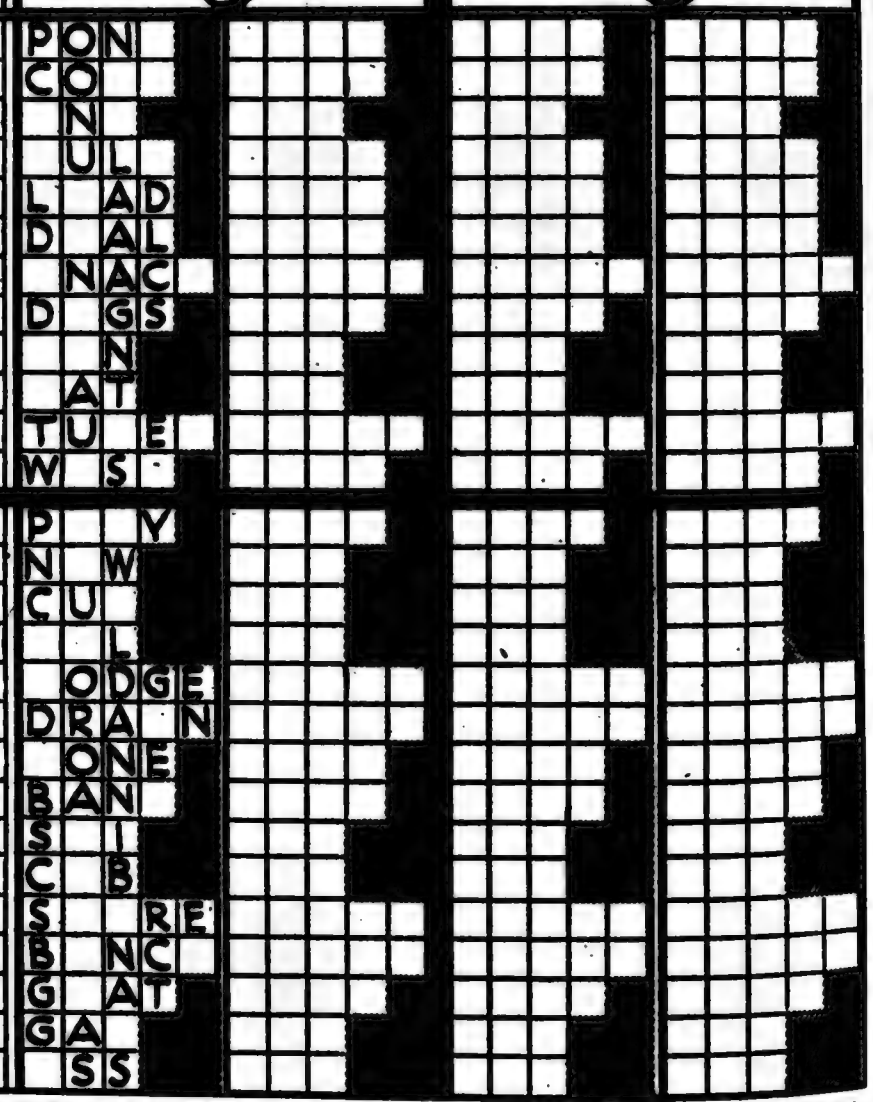
FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6D ENTRY-FEE

ACROSS

1. You'll generally see one, walking round farm
3. The ordinary kind is not so much needed in summer
6. Number in money
7. One would expect big farmer to have
9. Coach should be able to take
11. In some cases this includes seconds
15. Waitresses sometimes have one with customers
19. Bluffs are large ones
21. Gives film actor publicity
23. Youngster is occasionally given one as encouragement
24. There is a demand for blues in these
25. Some people do, for money

DOWN

1. Water is needed for
2. Freak
3. People sometimes get good one for playing billiards
4. Everybody in balloon
5. In some cases it's wise to do this in busy road
8. Advertising is sometimes this on paper
10. When diner has eaten all his portion of chicken he leaves this on plate
12. When notes are missed by one there may well be a row
13. Long narrow snow-shoe
14. Young one sometimes kicks when first put into harness
16. Century often makes big difference to it
17. Shop keys are sometimes kept on
18. You need speedy treatment if bitten by
20. Causes balloon to rise
22. Donkey



INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE

First, work out Puzzle on ordinary Square, with aid of Clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each Clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns, print in complete words ONLY where you wish to indicate Answers DIFFERING from first Column. All word spaces left blank in second, third and fourth columns will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at those points.

I submit this Entry for X-word 111 on the understanding that first Column and each subsequent Column containing word or words shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of correct X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and endorse

P.O. Value..... Signed .....

No..... Address .....

.....

The Editor Laughs Last

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NORTH-EASTERN GAZETTE:—"Within five MILES Wardle had added a second goal."

WILTSHIRE TIMES:—"At the Jubilee Hall on Sunday evening a SCARED concert was given . . ."

EMPIRE NEWS:—"It was a LUKE-warm display by both sides.

CORNISH EVENING TIDINGS:—"It is a play that calls for the highest kind of acting. In the HOUNDS of Mr. C.'s company this should be assured."

THE HERTS AND ESSEX OBSERVER:—"The applications for the full transfer of the licence of the Saracen's Head BEAR-HOUSE, Bishop's Stortford. . . ."

SUNDAY DISPATCH:—"She can trace her DESCENDANTS to the 13th century."

TOM (Ealing).—"When I left my last lodgings, the landlady wept." She should have asked for payment in advance.

R. M. (Balham).—"Believe me, when I do my stuff on the stage they roar." A lion tamer?

D. L. (London, S.W.).—"As a tailor I claim to be a good judge of character." Quick to take a man's measure.

CYCLIST (Watford).—"I looked down, and to my amazement the road was actually on fire!" Were you scorching?

CHEF (Soho).—"I have a secret method of making coffee, but I refuse to disclose it." So you won't spill the beans.

Miss G. (Cambridge).—"Can you guess how I am going to keep my thirtieth birthday next week?" A close secret.

E. J. (Willesden).—"I went camping for the first time last week-end but found it rather a job erecting a tent." You evidently don't know the ropes.

GOLFER (Southend).—"Our club is to hold a fancy dress dance shortly, and I have been appointed master of the revels." Well, you should be accustomed to keeping your eye on the ball.

* * *

L. N. (Norwich).—"What with money for this and money for that, I find I can't afford the telephone." You have too many calls already.

E. P. (Brighton).—"It is an Englishman's pride that he is surrounded by the deep blue sea." Not when he falls asleep in a deck-chair on the beach and the tide comes in.

Mrs. G. (Lewisham).—"I lectured for nearly two hours on the many reasons why money should be kept steadily circulating." And did your husband make out the cheque in the end?

N. M. (Halifax).—"I always think it is a wonderful sign of respect for a man when people jump to their feet at his appearance." We doubt if deck-chair attendants have ever looked at it in that light.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

"Bullets" Illustrated: Uproar In The House—Then Sonny's "Sitting Adjourned"

Mrs. F. (Esher).—"What is worse than a husband who talks in his sleep?" One who just smiles.

CLARENCE (Muswell Hill).—"In the hotel lounge I was annoyed to find a girl making up." To somebody else?

D. H. (Norfolk).—"I often go for a row up the river with the local Income Tax collector." We always conduct ours by post.

D. K. (Henley).—"I first met my wife when I was on a pleasure flight in an aeroplane." So you were taken up with her from the start.

O. D. (Dunkirk).—"Once trapped in that swamp, one has small chance of getting out again and that's a fact." There's no getting away from it.

PATER (Darwen). — "Things all seem to be very dear, and I have got behind with payments. Do you have any difficulty in meeting your expenses?" No, we are always running into them.

* * *

B. K. (Bodmin).—"I claim to be psychic and able to move things by concentrating my gaze on them." We wish you would come to London and have a good look at some of our statues.

SHOWMAN (Bury).—"The number of people using the switchback has been steadily decreasing, due no doubt to the unfortunate accident last week." There's been a falling-off.

"Now my wife's mother will have a job to find us."
(From "The Passing Show.")

B. M. (Taunton).—"Do you know what it feels like to be a forgotten man?" Oh, yes, but we've given up that restaurant now.

B. C. (Elstree).—"British films have their ups and downs." So do those who watch them if they occupy an end seat in a crowded house.

CRICKETER (Hastings).—"In my opinion a good method of scoring off a full pitch is to shut the eyes and hit hard." That's one way out!

* * *

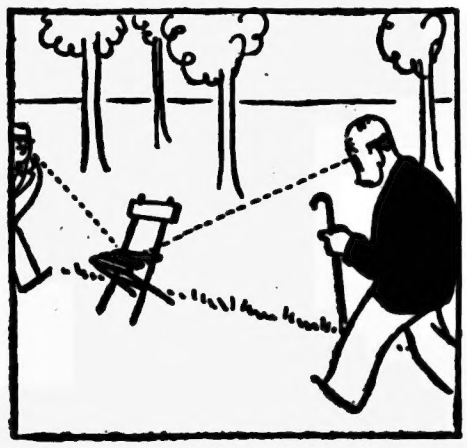
B. M. (Hull).—"We returned from our honeymoon to find our new bungalow on fire." Not the sort of house-warming you wanted, eh?

Miss E. M. (York).—"We spinsters demand pensions at 55." Why wait till then, when you can win £2 Weekly for Life *now*? See page 39.

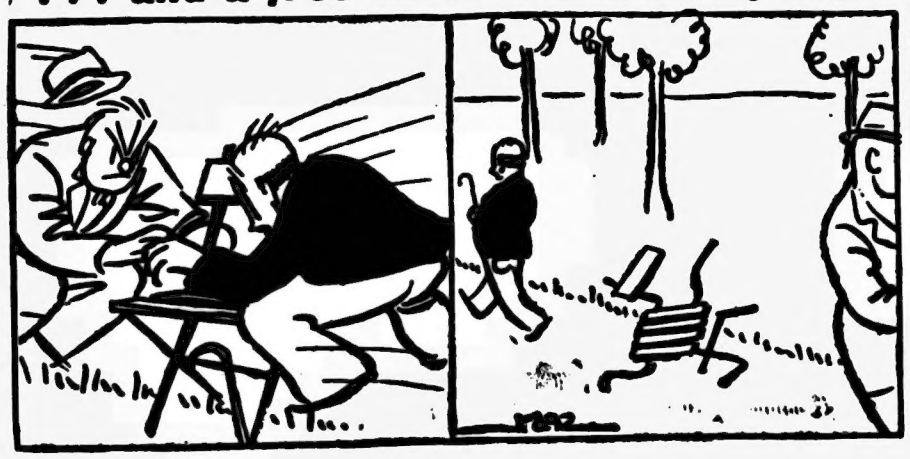
CYNTHIA (Chepstow).—"We are expected to be at the office early in the morning and late at night in order to keep pace with the orders. What do you advise us to do?" A little more work during the day.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Dad . . .



. . . and a free chair **by Maz**



ODOURLESS Hair Remover

At last, a depilatory that *works entirely without odour!* Bu-to, a dainty white cream, quickly removes unwanted hair — leaves your skin cool, fragrant, satin-smooth—discourages coarse regrowth. No irritation. No embarrassing odour. *Bu-to does not smell because it cannot smell.* As pleasant to use as your face cream!

MAKE THIS ODOUR TEST

Squeeze a small quantity of Bu-to on your arm. Leave 6 minutes. Note complete absence of unpleasant odour, and freedom from irritation. Now, rinse with cold water. All hair is gone as if by magic. Your skin is soft, cool, satin-smooth—*and quite odourless.*

Money-back Guarantee. *If you detect the slightest unpleasant odour — or, if Bu-to fails to give complete satisfaction, return tube and your money will at once be refunded without question.*

1/6 TRIAL SIZE 6

Bū-to

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN PATENTS PENDING

odourless

BUTYWAVE CO., LONDON, S.W.1.

The ACID IN YOUR STOMACH WOULD BURN A HOLE IN THE CARPET

(from actual photo)

Oh! how that pain inside your stomach torments you! It's Acid for sure — dangerous stomach acid biting into delicate membranes. A recent test *proves* it! After the kind of acid which causes indigestion had been poured on to a thick-pile carpet, a hole appeared. *That acid had actually burned right through the carpet — made a hole as big as a saucer!* How do you like the thought of *that* happening inside you! How do you enjoy the knowledge that *excess* acid may form ulcers in your stomach!

Rennies absorb EXCESS ACID at once!

You must get rid of that dangerous *excess acid*. Rennies do this. You suck them like sweets. They flow down in natural saliva, reach the stomach *full-strength*. Instantly the 15 scientifically blended ingredients start to work. Some neutralize and absorb excess acid. Others give active help to your weakened digestive process — stimulate the stomach's own "digestive juices," actually help to digest your food. With *excess acid* absorbed, pain ceases. You can eat anything. Take 2 Rennies after meals. Rennies are separately wrapped, so you can carry them loose in pocket or handbag — take them at any time, without water. Every chemist sells Digestif Rennies. Large trial size, only 6d. Four times the quantity, 1/9.

DIGESTIF

RENNIES

NOT SWEETENED WITH SACCHARIN

PILES!

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, from all chemists. Price 3s. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxative Pills. Price 1s3.

VARNENE

saves those wear-worn spots

Because it will not readily chip or scratch Varnene enables floors to withstand continual tread without showing signs of wear.
Obtainable at Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocery and General Stores. In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish.
Tins 6d., 1/- and 1/6. V/EF/39.

VARNENE THE FINER OIL VARNISH STAIN

CHURCH PRODUCTS LTD., Chiswick, London, W.4

Years of agony with DUODENAL ULCER

Can you imagine the sheer despair of Miss C. A., of Dunstable, whose martyrdom to the worst form of stomach trouble filled more than half her lifetime before she found a way out? "For many years," she writes, "I suffered agonies with a Duodenal Ulcer, and at times I could neither eat nor sleep because of the excruciating pains. During this long period I was continually in the hands of the doctor until up to four years ago, when Maclean Brand Stomach Powder was recommended to me by one of my neighbours and I commenced taking it regularly. Since then I have had no discomfort, and I cannot thank you too much for putting a preparation on the market which is so successful for treating such a complaint."

When you read of a case like that you get new hope. You feel at once that with such a record, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder must be the thing to put *your* stomach trouble right. Try it—that's the sure way to find out. MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder bears the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle and carton, and has brought lasting relief to thousands. Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Also pocket tins of Tablets, 9d. Never sold loose.

SCIATICA, LUMBAGO ended after 36 years

It's a far cry back to the Boer War, but the Rheumatic suffering of Mr. F. H., of Portsmouth, began then. Every year of his life since, this fine old veteran has endured long spells of cruel pain and misery.

"I am 70 years of age," he writes. "I came home from the South African War in 1901 and was laid up with Sciatica and Lumbago and Gout every year for 36 years, for 3 or 4 weeks every year. I had everything advertised during those 36 years, but found no relief until I saw a Fynnon Salt advertisement last year. I bought a tin and have taken it ever since and I am pleased to say I have not been laid up with any of my old complaints since. I am a licensee of a public-house and have recommended Fynnon Salt to several of my customers, who also speak highly of the result."

This was a severe test, if ever there was one, for a Rheumatic remedy. But, as so often happens, Fynnon Salt succeeded where all else had failed. Rest assured it can just as surely put an end to your own pains and stiffness. A teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt taken in a tumblerful of water every morning sets free in your system the natural Spa elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium. These quickly rinse away the uric acid poisons and leave you painfree and supple once more. Large tins, 1/3 from all chemists.

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.—even bugs*

● For over half a century KEATINGS POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.* —But it must be KEATINGS

Cartels 2d., 6d., 1/. Powder Flasks 1/-

INFLAMED BACK —positive relief!

Excruciating backache—inflammation of the bladder—restless nights—dizziness—ALL end in a few days with Bole's Gin Pills, the wonderful Kidney and Bladder Medicine that works ten times out of ten. From chemists 1/3 and 3/- or post free from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 31/32a, Banner St., London, E.C.1. Write for FREE sample!

Exact Size

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories, 1/3 a box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

ASTHMA SUFFERERS

Send for FREE TRIAL of Dr SINGHA BRAND TABLETS

THE SAFE & CERTAIN REMEDY

AT ALL CHEMISTS 1d. 3½ 5½ 12½ & 20/-

Enclose 3d in stamps for postage and packing
Dr SINGHA CO. LTD. (Dept. J.B.7), CAERNARVON

Continuing

Sob Scene

"'Ere, what'd'yer call me?"

"Now, now," said Mr. Raymonde, soothingly, "I only want you to say a few lines, and do a spot of easy acting.

"I've heard you Welshmen are supposed to be good actors. It'll only show for a minute on the screen. Surely that isn't too difficult?"

"And there's extra pay," murmured the assistant director.

"Done, mate," said Dan. "But don't I sign a contract, or summit, just like a proper star?"

He blinked at their laughing faces.

*

After gulping down his breakfast of lumpy porridge and strong tea, Dan presented himself at the mine.

"Are you fit?" asked Mr. Raymonde. "Right. I'll hand you over to Seton, my assistant. He'll rehearse you—only a dozen lines, and the action's simple enough.

"Now, listen. You're to imagine you're a father working down the mine, when there's a big explosion in another part. Got that?"

"Ay."

"Your son happens to be at work in that part—so you search the pit, and finally you find your son—dead! You hold his head in your arms, and speak the lines Seton will drill into you. Simple, isn't it?"

Dan's face was haggard. He looked desperately ill.

"Mister, I don't think I'd like to——."

"Oh, come now. Don't let us down. You'll be able to do it—you've got just the type of kindly face that goes over big."

"And it's money for nothing," added the assistant.

"It ain't that, but——."

His disjointed protests could do nothing against their combined eloquence. Sighing, he departed with Seton, the assistant in the grey sweater.

The men of Llanuchafedd, Dan's mates, drifted on to the set, a well-lit clearing at the bottom of the main shaft, with low tunnels branching off in all directions.

"Dan'll be on soon, he will," explained Spider Miles, "let us stay and watch, mister."

The director stroked his chin thoughtfully. "All right," he said.

*

Dan stood inside the chalk lines, with the professional actor who was to play the dead son. The actor's usually well-brushed hair was ruffled and greaseless.

Dan, his mouth twitching, studied his script with shaking hands.

Make-up men smeared his face with a soapy substance. Electricians trained spotlights, shielded in large reflectors.

Mr. Raymonde squeezed in his canvas-backed chair. In lieu of his cigar, he waved a long pencil, which he chewed at intervals.

"You fit?" he asked—his pet phrase.

"But, mister——."

"You know what to do. Seton says you're O.K. Don't be frightened of the cameras. Keep within the chalk lines and start the action as soon as you hear me yell 'Shoot'—just like a spectator at one of your local football matches. Get ready."

"Now for Dan's sheik-stuff," said Spider Miles, who did not suspect the subject of the scene.

"Go it, Dan bach!"

"Show 'em 'ow!"

"Silence, please. I must have silence. Silence!"

The director twisted in his chair and glared at them.

They waited, stiff and still, trying to conquer fits of coughing that came upon them suddenly.

"Shoot!"

A red light flickered. A small boy dashed in front of Dan, clapped two pieces of wood together, and slipped away. Another boy held up a board, with details of the scene scrawled upon it in chalk.

Then the action began.

Dan, startled by the sudden appearance of the boys, registered an expression of extreme surprise. He scratched his head uneasily.

"Cut!" roared the director.

"N. G.," he continued. "Perhaps you should have been told about the clapper boys. Start again."

"I ain't so keen——."

"It'll soon be over—not half as bad as a visit to the dentist. Get ready, now."

Again there was the tension of waiting — a zero hour.

"Shoot!"

Dan stumbled along the lined space, his wrinkled face suddenly noble with deep tragedy.

The director bit hard on his pencil.

Dan clutched at the wall, his fingers tearing against the hard stone.

"Where are you? Where—where is my son?"

Every watching Llanuchafedd man stiffened. A wave of pity swept through them. So this was the scene they were making old Dan play-act!

Spider Miles felt his flesh tingling.

"Duw," he murmured, his lips hardly moving. "There's fate for you."

*

They watched Dan drag the disguised Mayfair actor from the debris. An indescribable expression was on his face. Tears streaked the coal dust, and his mouth quivered in sobs.

Crouched over the body, rocking gently, moaning like an animal caught in a steel trap. Then, jerkily and with effort, he forced out words that will never be forgotten by those who heard them.

"Oh, God, you 'ave taken my son, my Glyn. Taken 'im cruelly, and in pain. Taken 'im suddenly, you 'ave."

"The fool," breathed Seton, "that's not in the script."

"Quiet!" hissed the director.

In utter silence they listened to the rest of old Dan's prayer—a prayer beginning as a bitter reproach, and ending with the resigned words, "Thy will be done."

"Cut!" ordered Raymonde, in a voice that was little more than a whisper.

Dan moved slowly to the director's chair, his eyes still glazed with grief, his hands hanging loosely at his sides.

"Thank you! Thank you!" boomed Raymonde. "I've never shot a finer scene. . ." Then he faltered into silence.

Dan was not listening. Like a man in a trance he was staring into the gloom beyond the cameras, staring into the past to the time when he had played his brief rôle in real life.

"Oh, God, you 'ave taken my son, my Glyn. Taken him cruelly and in pain. . ."

With a sob he stumbled towards his mates.

Strange Things Happen to Women

IS there any truth in the popular contention that men enjoy a monopoly of thrills and adventure, while women are condemned by circumstance to lead humdrum, uneventful lives?

JOHN BULL put this question to a number of leading women writers, inviting them, if they could, to produce real-life stories to disprove it.

The response has been striking. As a result we are able to present our readers with a series of true tales that strike an absolutely new note and show conclusively that the adventures which befall women often outrival anything that can happen to mere man.

You will find the first strange adventure in next week's JOHN BULL. It is by Helena Frost, author of "Four Were Possessed," and tells of "Three Girls and a Killer."

BETTER HEALTH PAYS HIGHER WAGES

Mr. Dickson's Secret of BUSINESS SUCCESS

All Due To

Dr. Cassells Tablets

Another Exclusive Interview From Our Own Special Health Investigator

Royston Greene

KINGSTON, THURSDAY

MORE and more people are enthusiastically recommending a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets as the ideal way of establishing really splendid health.

Mr. E. DICKSON

Talking to-day to Mr. Dickson, a commercial traveller of Kingston, Surrey I learned of yet another remarkable case. Mr. Dickson is simply overflowing with health and spirits! His business efforts are succeeding in all directions; his secret, as he frankly explained to me to-day, is Dr. Cassells Tablets!

GOT EASILY TIRED

"I always imagined I was healthy," said Mr. Dickson, "but somehow I just couldn't seem to get the best out of myself. I used to get easily tired and at times went off my food and couldn't summon up enough energy to carry on my business with the enthusiasm which it demands. So I commenced taking Dr. Cassells Tablets."

"*And what happened then?*" I enquired.

"I seemed to be infused with new life almost instantly!" replied Mr. Dickson. "Within a week I found that my sales were up and that a tremendous change had come over me. I was putting more enthusiasm and 'punch' into my work and in addition, was feeling right on top of the world! I began to enjoy my food more than I had ever enjoyed it in my life before. I began to feel stronger-nerved and 'full of beans'."

EARNING MORE MONEY

"*And do you attribute this entirely to Dr. Cassells Tablets?*" I asked.

"Decidedly!" said Mr. Dickson. "And my advice to everybody is to start taking Dr. Cassells Tablets at once. Then, and not till then, will they realize the joy that can come from absolutely perfect fitness both mentally and physically! Speaking for myself, I can say quite definitely that my selling efforts are more successful than they have ever been and that the extra commission I have been able to earn has paid for the Dr. Cassells Tablets scores of times over!"

DR. CASSELLS Brand TABLETS are the simple, easy, effective, health treatment which make you feel better than you have ever done before! They quickly conquer NERVES, INDIGESTION, NEURITIS, INSOMNIA, HEADACHES, DEPRESSION, WEARINESS, BREAKDOWN and bring wonderful *Energy, Enthusiasm, Keen Brain, Sound Nerves, Youthfulness, Cheerfulness and New Strength!* They contain 19 Health Ingredients which revitalise the Whole Body!

Sold everywhere. 8d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Dr. CASSELLS BRAND TABLETS

STAGGERING NEW BULLETS ONE-WEEK PENSION OFFER!

WIN OVER £2,000 in WEEKLY PENSION CHEQUES

FROM "JOHN BULL" during the next 20 years of your life

FIRST PRIZE FOR 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS **£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE** MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT

OR LUMP SUM OF £500

6244 OTHER PRIZES ALSO MUST BE WON

£100 £50 £25 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4 10 of £3 25 of 10/-

OFFER WITH EACH PRIZE

200 NEW 5/- SURPRISE AWARDS | 6,000 MYSTERY PRIZES

HURRY! CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. JUNE 4

ALREADY 26 competitors are drawing lifelong incomes from Long Acre in return for entering a few simple words. Now, for the first time this year, you have an opportunity of becoming a "Bullets" Life Pensioner. Think of your feeling of solid security if you knew that every Saturday, for as long as you live, the postman would bring you a "John Bull" Pension Cheque!

Yes, enter the best effort for this week's sensational Offer and, on Friday, June 17, a golden Joy Wire will name you winner of £2 Weekly for Life.

To capture this splendid Must-be-won Pension Prize you are asked to select an "Example" and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment closely fitted to the chosen "Example."

'BULLETS' 1,119 RESULT

First Prize, £300 plus Trip to Empire Exhibition:

Mrs. L. Williams, 29, Pilgrim Place, Southampton.

Example: GENEVA'S SHIP
Bullet: IF "PRESERVED," ANOTHER "VICTORY."

£50 PLUS FREE TRIP:

Mrs. E. GREENWAY, Burleigh Cotts., Long Handsborough, Oxford.

Example: England's Team
Bullet: Versus Bradman—And Pessimists!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£25 PLUS FREE TRIP:

F. STARLING, 59, Myrtle Street, Middlesbrough.

Example: All The Time
Bullet: Mother "Gives," Until "Taken."

OTHER PRIZES:

Each with Free Trip to Exhibition:

£10: E. A. MILLER, 49, Orford Road, Walthamstow, E.
When Darby Goes—Joan "Peeps Through Curtain."

£9: A. CULLINGWORTH, 166, Foundry Lane, Beacroft, nr. Leeds.
Having A Few—Oldest Inhabitant—Including Reporter!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£8: A. WARD, 46, Youlgreave Drive, Frecheville, Sheffield.
Geneva's Ship—Under Steam? Under "Cloud"!

£7: Mrs. ESILMAN, 491, Wilbraham Road, Manchester.
Amidst The Ashes—Twig Glowed—Wood's "Sunset."

£6: E. ELSTON, 20a, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool.
Rising Man—Sought "Rung"—Wrought "Ladder."

£5: A. G. HAYTER, Southampton Road Stores, Salisbury.
Life Isn't Easy, But—"I Can!" Oil-can.

£4: A. BROTHERS, 24, West Raby Street, Darlington.
Unnoticed—School "Torch"—Fools Scorch.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

10 OF £3 PLUS FREE TRIP:

W. BUCKLEY, Totbury Road, Rolleston, nr. Burton-on-Trent.
Going Under — Fewer Mothers — Newer Motherhood.

Mrs. A. CROSBIE, 12, Headland Grove, Preston, Paignton.
Rising Man—Thanks To Prising Woman.

Miss E. M. DU HEAUME, Dormers, Ottways Lane, Ashtead, Surrey.
What Civilisation Means—Depends Who Civilises Whom!

E. FAIRCHILD, 1, Southfield Road, Hoddesdon.
What Civilisation Means—Clothes—and Considering "Pockets."

R. M. FLEMING, 73, Crescent Road, Ramsgate.
Rising Man—Dad, Were Railings "Ladder"!

C. J. HARTLEY, 96, Haig Avenue, Southport.
At The Cookery Class—No Learning Mother's Knack.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example*, SHE'S AN ANGEL, BUT, you had first scribbled down as a rough note *Hospital Nurse Allowed Little Liberty*. With a few minutes' thought you could easily produce from this the typical *Bullet*, SHE'S AN ANGEL, BUT—NURSE'S "WINGS" CRUELLY "CLIPPED."

You have only a few days in which to grasp this wonderful Pension opportunity. Start on the *Examples* now and make sure that your entry is posted on or before Saturday, June 4.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

THANKS TO THE KING
CHANGING WORLD
PARLIAMENT OF NATIONS
DICTATOR GRUNDY
WHAT EDUCATION MEANS
MY GUIDING STAR
SHE'S AN ANGEL, BUT
BEHIND THE GOVERNMENT
BLUFFING
GRUELLING TASK
PASSPORT TO POPULARITY
DAD'S HORSE
IN THE WRONG HANDS
NO FLOWERS
ROUND THE VILLAGE PUMP
FOOLISH PROMISE
WHEN SONNY RAN
THE CLOCK STRUCK 12 AND
IF LOVE DIES
OF COURSE
KNOCKED ME SILLY
GRANDPA REGRETS
WITHOUT A BITE
FIGHT TO THE FINISH
CAN'T BE CONCEALED
REFUGEES
ALWAYS BORROWING
TO POLLY'S DISMAY
HAPPY CHILD
AMID THE SQUALOR
BETTER POSITION
WHEN THE GAME'S UP

A. C. MAXTED, 11, Treowen Avenue, Penllwyn, Pontllanfraith, Mon.
Going Under—Grandad, To Sweetheart "Above."

M. MEREDITH, Talbot, Llanidloes, Mont.
The Glamour Faded And—Baby Started *Nibbling* Watch!

F. O. PASCOE, 82, Trelowarren Street, Camborne, Cornwall.
Going Under—Without "Go On, Dear!"

W. REDFERN, 18, Dundee Road, Midway, nr. Burton-on-Trent.
Life Isn't Easy, But—Baby's "Kicking"—We're Not.

A list of 25 10s. and 200 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

New Service for Readers — With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.
Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,123 and Crossword No. 111, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,123) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., June 4. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,123) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., June 4. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, JUNE 4.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,123) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., June 4. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR COMPETITION No 1,123 IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose **THREE** or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,123, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,123 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,118 will be displayed in the window of Mr. W. Oldham, 12, Larkhill Lane, Clubmoor, Liverpool.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

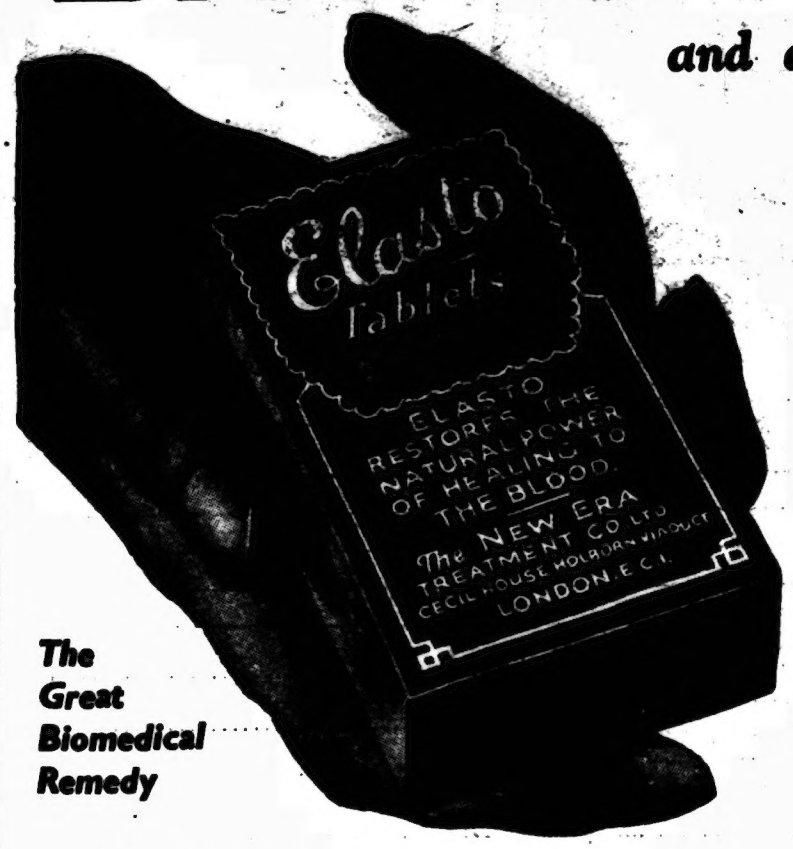
3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,123, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The Remedy That Has Definitely Mastered

BAD CIRCULATION

and all CIRCULATORY DISORDERS



The Great Biomedical Remedy

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

Cures Through The Blood!

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

IT is the function of the blood to carry health-preserving nourishment to the countless millions of living cells of which the body is composed. When it fails in this important function the cells break down and become diseased; *and this condition will persist until the blood itself is revitalised.* So-called "blood purifiers" are of no use in such conditions; impurities in the blood are merely incidental to the condition. The real trouble is that the blood has become chemically unbalanced; it is deficient in certain vital constituents, and drugging the system can never make good this deficiency.

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell Food!

ELASTO, the new Biomedical Remedy, is not a drug but a vital cell-food; it contains the missing blood-constituents in a highly potentised form, the only form in which the blood can take them up and use them. It is prepared in small, delicate tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and it is absorbed *directly* into the blood through the tiny glands of the mouth and throat. *Elasto does not enter the stomach*; this remarkable fact partly explains its amazing effectiveness. Such ailments as varicose veins, varicose ulcer (bad leg), swollen legs, phlebitis, heart troubles, bad circulation, piles, rheumatism, hardened arteries, skin diseases and similar disabling conditions are directly traceable to degeneration of tissue-cells resulting from a deficiency of the vitalising principles of the blood. No lasting improvement in these conditions is possible until the cause of the weakness has been removed, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood. Elasto, the Great Blood Revitaliser, does this with complete effectiveness, in a manner new to curative science.

Good Circulation—The Basis of all Healing!

IT is an indisputable fact that vigorously circulating, healthy blood, rich in vital properties, is the basis of life and health. It follows logically, therefore, that the revitalised blood and improved circulation, which quickly follow the use of Elasto, cannot fail to bring real and lasting benefit to every organ and tissue of the body. The far-reaching effects of a revitalised blood-stream can be truly amazing; hence the miracles of healing performed by means of blood-transfusion. Elasto is based upon the latest discoveries of curative, nutritional science; it is a pure, natural product, highly potentized and is in complete harmony with the human system. *Elasto contains no animal gland extracts.*

POST COUPON BELOW FOR A FREE SAMPLE!

Elasto is a constitutional remedy; it can be taken with advantage by every sufferer. Don't waste time asking yourself "Will Elasto benefit my ailment?" Try it!—you can test it without cost or obligation! Simply fill in the coupon below for a Free Sample and a special Free Booklet. These, together with testimonials *showing what Elasto has done for others*, we will gladly send privately, post free. Post your Coupon to-day—NOW, while you think of it, and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes! ELASTO (DEPT. 15), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

Read what Users of Elasto say:

"*No sign of varicose veins now.*"
"*My Doctor highly praises Elasto.*"
"*Varicose Veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"
"*Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*I attribute my recovery from rheumatoid arthritis solely to Elasto.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*After being indoors for 18 months, I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"
"*Elasto has cured my bad leg.*"
"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day.*"
"*I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured.*"
"*The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto.*"
"*It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath.*"
"*I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic.*"
"*I was in terrible agony with arthritis, almost crippled, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone, I have never felt better.*"
"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 66.*"
"*Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit.*"
"*No pain or swelling in my legs now. I think it is wonderful after being unable to get about for two years.*"
"*I was confined to my bed with phlebitis, without hope of ever getting out again. My doctor says I owe my life to Elasto.*"
"*Elasto has quite cured my eczema.*"
"*My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health.*" *Etc.*

Why is Elasto the Greatest of all Remedies For RHEUMATISM?

Because rheumatism is a *circulatory disease* and the treatment usually given for this widespread complaint is merely designed to counteract acidity. *Acid blood is not the cause of Rheumatism, it is merely a symptom.* It is a physiological fact, not generally recognised, that a sluggish circulation, causing, as it does, a *deficiency of oxygen* in the blood and tissues and thus allowing an accumulation of toxic, waste material, is the real cause of rheumatism. Elasto re-establishes normal, healthy circulation and in doing so removes not only the symptoms, *but the cause of rheumatism.*

COUPON **FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF ELASTO**

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. ★

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(*Please Print in Capital Letters.*)

ADDRESS .....

J.B. 28538. .....

Elasto will save you pounds!

J.B.I.21 8★

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free Inland and Canada 13s. per annum; all other parts of the world, 15s. 2d. per annum. Postage: Inland and Canada 1d.; all other countries 1½d. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Whitman's Newsdealers' Associations, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.'s Bookshops at 76, Boulevard Adolphe Max, Bruxelles, and 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and Messageries Dureau, 4, Rue de Fleurus Faisceaux, Paris, France.

B125 A286 J.B. 20598